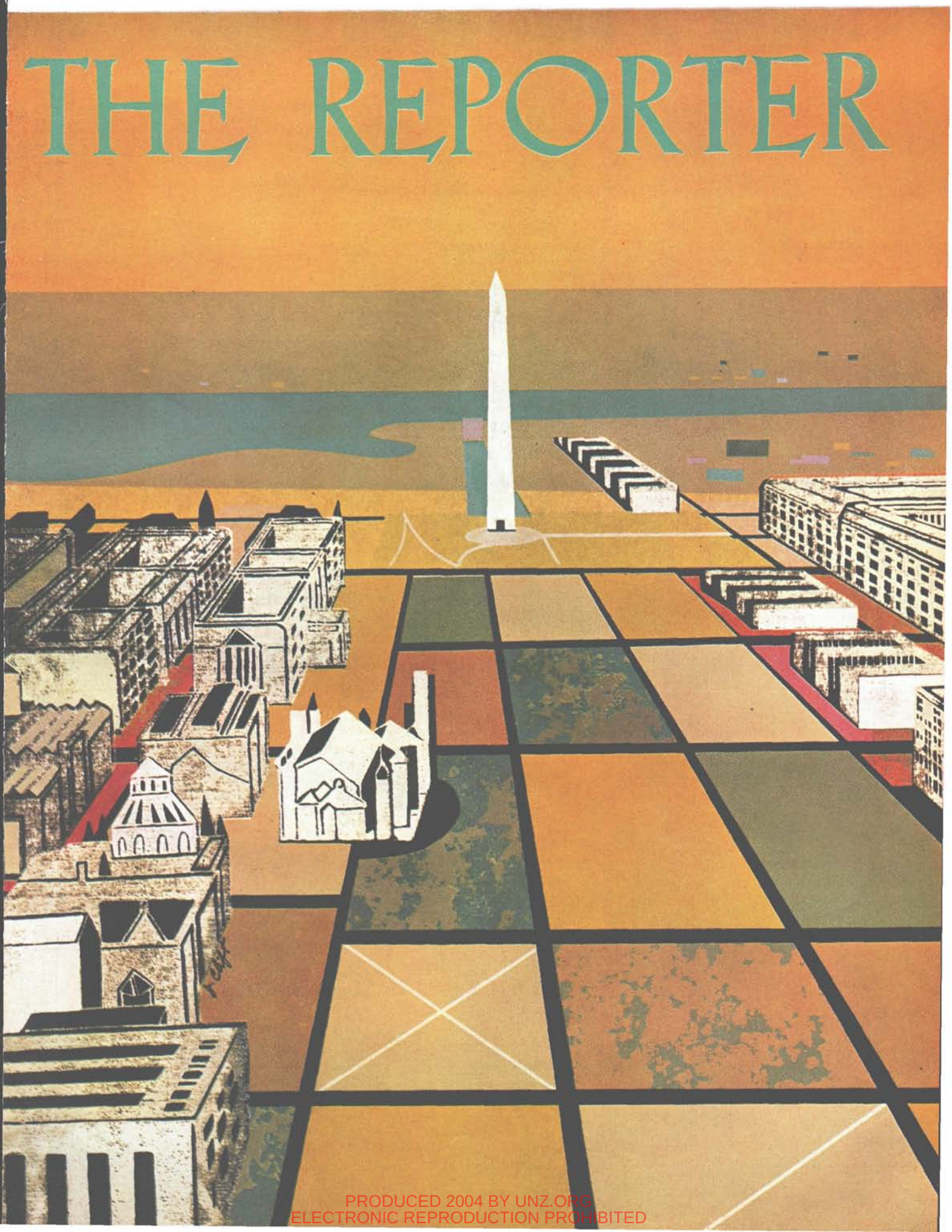
The Ins and Outs of American Politics

November 27, 1958 25¢

WHO IS NIXON, WHAT IS HE?

THE REPORTER



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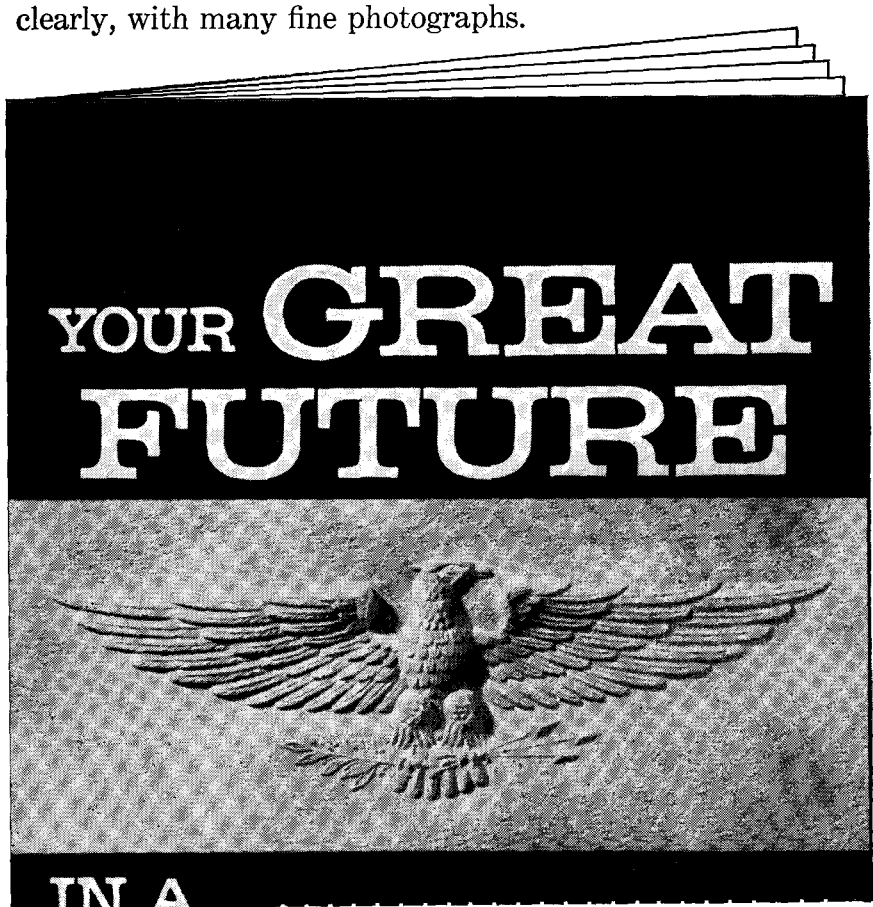

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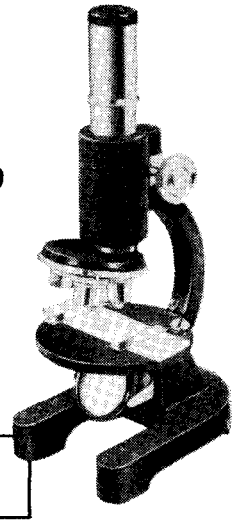

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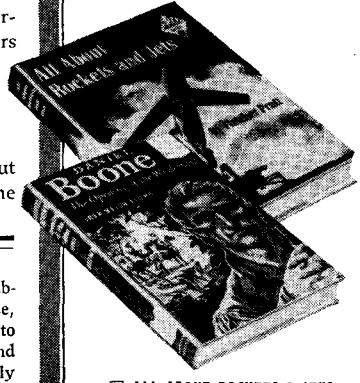

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Mr. McElroy's Decision

In a recent press conference, Secretary McElroy announced with remarkable clarity the decisions that the military leaders of our nation have reached on our new strategic policy. Since the previous policy, announced at the time when Charlie Wilson took control of the Pentagon, was called "the New Look," we devoutly hope that this trite expression will not be used for the strategic policy under Mr. McElroy's management. We are not paying the Secretary of Defense too great a compliment when we say that with his thoughtful behavior and dignified way of speaking he has proved to be a considerable improvement over his predecessor.

The McElroy strategic program is based on a few clear principles. Greater emphasis will be put on the rapid development of the intercontinental ballistic missiles which should allow us to hit back at Russia from our own soil. This implies a diminished reliance on foreign bases and a slowdown in the development of the intermediate-range ballistic missiles. The Europeans, it is said, do not care to have on their own soil American fifteen-hundred-mile intermediate-range missiles that can be counteracted by Russian missiles of the same range, which are reportedly fully operational.

To resist Communist aggression in Europe and Asia, we will build up the ground forces of our allies and retrench our own. Mr. McElroy said that he would be glad to have "a larger army" but must accept the fact that there is a shortage of available funds. A decision had to be made. Mr. McElroy, after due consultation with military authorities and after having visited U.S. and allied military installations all over the world, has now announced our government's decision. In a nutshell it can be reduced to this: we enable our allies to do the ground fighting and reserve to ourselves the job of deterring the enemy from major aggression—with weapons stationed on our own soil.

MR. MCELROY is a brave and honorable man. His strategy has been announced to the public whole and straight, not through leakages or embellished by wisecracks. He certainly must know that he is going to be criticized furiously and from many sides. Among other things it will be said, and not without serious justification, that his strategy leads to isolationism and that we are reverting to the early Eisenhower theory of letting Asians fight Asians, Europeans fight Europeans, and so on. Mr. McElroy will also certainly be asked why he does not start by cutting down the expenditures for the Strategic Air Command if he is putting his major reliance on ICBMs. And may the embattled advocates of the Marines be merciful to Mr. McElroy!

As far as we are concerned, at the present stage we can only say that we admire Mr. McElroy's courage, but know too little about both his strategy and the diplomacy that it implies to pass any sensible judgment. But one thing is sure: our strategy planners must learn the proper lessons from the experiences of the Lebanon and Taiwan crises.

Both in Lebanon and in the Formosa Strait our nation found itself involved in what was in effect a limited war—but so different from what was expected that we scarcely knew it. The Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean and the Seventh Fleet in the Pacific carted around an assortment of atomic weapons that fortunately remained distinctly unshot. The Communists produced no similar assortment and gained considerable prestige for their discretion. As in Korea, as in other postwar conflicts with the Communists, our side and theirs found themselves bound by a number of mutually accepted self-imposed restraints. Both seemed equally determined not to be the first to use atomic weapons.

Now, as a result of Taiwan and Lebanon, we have learned once more that while atomic weapons even of the tiniest or tactical variety may be useful things to produce, stockpile, and talk about, their use against an enemy seems to be clearly contraindicated. That is probably one of the reasons why Secretary McElroy has reached the decision that our effort should be concentrated on those means of delivering nuclear bombs—ICBMs—which the Russian weaponeers seem to have developed ahead of ours. The stalemate will not be complete—so it seems—until the two superpowers are in equivalent condition to hit each other with weapons traveling in outer space.

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"WORM HAS BRAIN,
BUT CAN IT THINK?"
—New York *Herald Tribune*

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There's a juicy question—
When we turn and when we squirm,
Are we brighter than the worm?
When they wriggle on a brink,
Do they feel or do they think,
Or is it mere digestion?

Worm Has Brain, But Can It Think?
So have we, but do we?
Blind and labyrinthine souls,
We too burrow in our holes,
Twisting from the light of day,
Aerating, as we grope our way,
This luckless earth with hooey.

—SEC

LAST JANUARY, Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas staked an American claim to the control of outer space. Now he has been appointed to represent this country in talks at the U.N. about international

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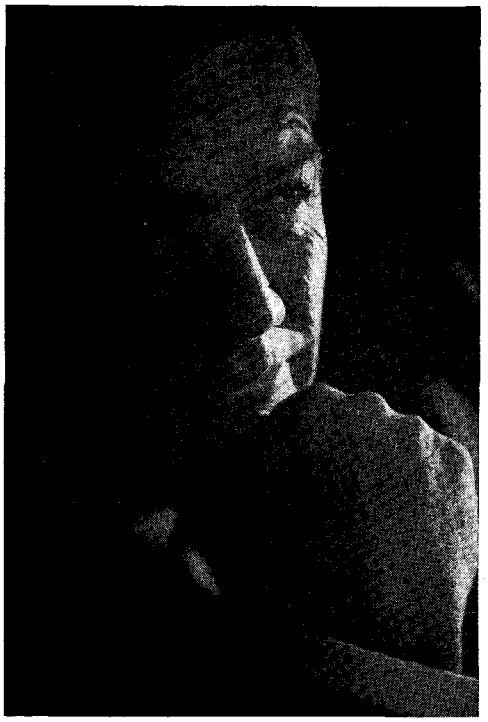

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOUR MIND WAS STRETCHED BY A NEW IDEA?

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: "A man's mind stretched by a new idea can never go back to its original dimensions." The truth of this statement cannot, of course, be denied. A child who suddenly realizes that the letters in the alphabet are not just isolated sounds and shapes, but meaningful symbols that form words, has grasped an idea that will lead to a continuing expansion of his mind. There comes a time, though, in the lives of too many of us when our minds become occupied only with knowledge we have already learned. When that happens our minds cease to grow.

Unhappily, the more successful a person is in his daily work, the more likelihood there is that this unfortunate condition will result. As we become more and more absorbed with our specialty—whether it is law, medicine, engineering, science, business or any one of the hundreds of other engrossing occupations—we cease to absorb the new knowledge that leads to new concepts. With the years, the mind narrows rather than broadens because we cease to stretch it by exploring the great subjects of philosophy, government, religion—the great humanities which have produced our great men and great thought.

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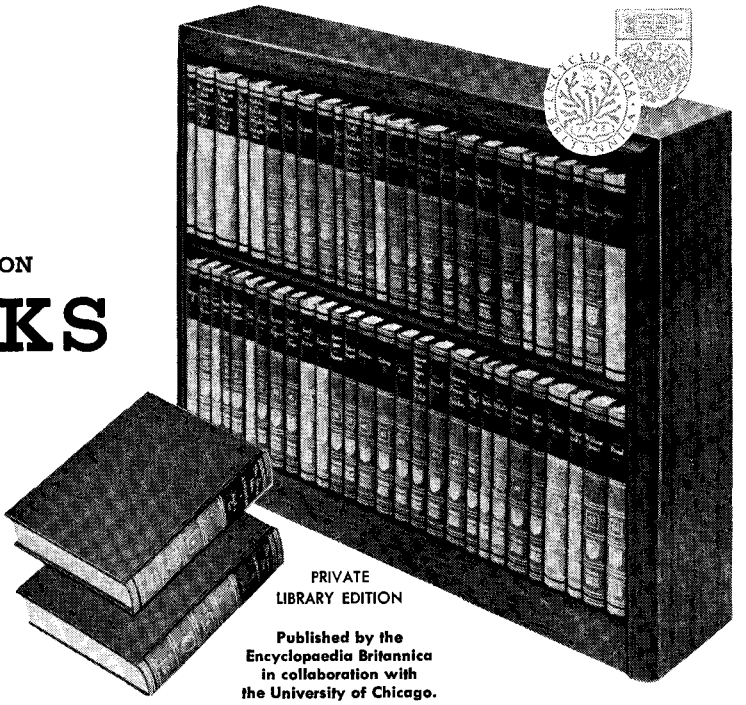

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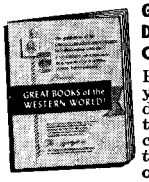

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control of outer space. We hope the day is coming soon when some such control will become possible, if for no other reason than that a stalemate between the two superpowers has been reached—in outer space, too.

Meanwhile, Mr. McElroy is certainly right in insisting that our nation cannot take chances with the development of intercontinental weapons. We ought to take no chances of any kind in the field of weapons. Yet the fact remains that stalemate is already here, and that our strategy is aimed at developing the most destructive weapons precisely in order to prevent their use.

Mr. McElroy has now given us the outline of a strategy that ought to be discussed in every single detail. But where, O where, is our diplomacy?

Silver Lining

We always get a kick out of reading *Human Events*, the weekly newsletter that is directed to the Neanderthal wing of the Republican Party. Its cheery message of hope based on the election results deserves to be passed on:

"The startling, and unstressed, fact about the election is this: with all the intimidation and pressures that the labor bosses could generate, with one million shop stewards and other officials getting out the vote at the precinct level, the Democrats still netted only fifty-six per cent of the Nation's total vote."

Open Wide

We are indebted to United Press-International for letting us know that on November 12 "Vice President Richard M. Nixon had a tooth pulled . . . and while under sedation talked about the American way of life to the two dental surgeons and three nurses. . . . The dentists said the Vice President had spoken on general topics such as the American way of life, but did not mention partisan politics."

The dispatch, date-lined Miami, does not give the text of the Vice-President's remarks while unconscious. We like to think that the man who is only one heartbeat away from the Presidency may have addressed the assembled dentists and lab technicians somewhat in the style and syntax of his illustrious chief. Just a few weeks before, Mr. Eisenhower had inspired a group of Republican campaign workers here in New York with some of his own wide-awake thoughts about the American Way of Life, and the speech might serve as a model for all dentist-chair orators. Here are a few samples:

"I sometimes lose sight of my terminal facilities when I start talking to such a group as this, because I so much want to let you see the depth of my sincerity. . . . But if we do join hands, regardless of religion and race and geography and any other divisive type of influence, if we join hands to try to push forward in the atmosphere, in the kind of teachings that we have learned in our homes, in our schools and in our experience, then, in my mind, the United States will not only always be the United States, but it will be one that will be recognizable by your descendants on into the dim future."

THE HATE WAVE

ERIC SEVAREID

Local authorities as well as touring senators are looking into the newest outburst of bombings in schools and synagogues. In the last year, a number of Jewish temples and community centers have been bombed, and three integrated schools —the latest at Osage, West Virginia. Said the sheriff at Osage, "We have no racial problem among ourselves here; this thing must have been done by someone from the outside." Not a local hater daring to express his wrath at what he sees before his eyes by a most dangerous gesture.

The outsider, so called, can come and go away again. Safer for him. All this suggests that the violent people doing these deadly acts are organized in some manner. There is virtue as well as evil in this fact. They are more dangerous when organized, but they are also, one would think, more easily discovered and broken up; that is always the inherent risk run by all subversives when they take to organization. It is doubtful that these people are numerous enough or shrewd and disciplined enough to adopt the Communist system of separate cells, any one of which can die without involving any other.

These activists, so called, will almost surely be discovered and put away, and in time this wave of activated hatred will end. It may take a while. This kind of thing or the danger of this kind of thing is likely to be with us as long as the public scene is agitated by bitter quarreling over school integration by leaders in public life. Leaders who defy authority and law in these matters sincerely deplore and denounce the acts of violence; but they themselves, though not intending so, have encouraged these acts and share the responsibility.

One of the curious things about the hatemongers is that they usually lie low, smoldering in private until they see, or think they see, a lead from much higher quarters. This give them the illusion of justification for what they have always wanted to do in the privacy of their unhappy minds. Until then they are merely the barroom snarlers, the scrawlers on walls in the night, the semi-literate authors of the anonymous postcards. They are not very brave people; the courage of hatred is not quite like the courage of conviction.

Another curious thing about the haters is that they feel an identity of interest with one another, though the objects of their individual hatreds may vary widely. The intellectual-hater is drawn to the foreigner-hater, the Jew-hater to the Negro- or Catholic-hater. Let one group begin to hate publicly, especially if it has a lead from some national figure, and the others immediately start to crawl out from under the rocks. This happened in the McCarthy era, where the prime and public object of hatred was Communism and, often, merely alleged Communism. This emboldened all the other haters to strike at their special and very different targets. The same thing is happening now, when the prime and public object is prevention of racial integration in the schools.

In the emotional if not the economic sense, we are a class society; members of the tolerant class recognize and draw near to one another, and so do the intolerant.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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CORRESPONDENCE

HUNGARIANS IN AUSTRIA

To the Editor: In "What Happened to the Hungarian Refugees" (*The Reporter*, October 30), Claire Sterling made a reference to the 18,000 Hungarians still remaining in Austria and implied that they had been neglected along with those who chose to be repatriated. Later in the article she cleared this misconception up by saying that some of them would just as soon remain in Austria. The fact is that at least 12,000 of the 18,000 would prefer to remain in Austria, at least according to what I was told when I visited there this summer. The 6,000 who still desire to migrate should be taken care of with the 3,000 the United States is accepting and the additional number that Canada and Australia are accepting.

In a report I received a day or so ago, some of the agency representatives in Austria are even wondering whether the 3,000 visas the United States is making available will be taken up by the Hungarians desiring to come here.

(RT. REV. MSGR.) EDWARD E. SWANSTROM
Executive Director
Catholic Relief Services
New York

THE USES OF THEORY

To the Editor: I have nothing against anything William Lee Miller said in his review of Daniel Boorstin's *The Americans* ("The Great American Escape from Theory," *The Reporter*, October 30), but am disturbed by several things he did not say. It is impossible to pass without comment the indefensible yet serene "anti-theoretical" attitude of the author.

First, the thesis that because an event was not caused by theory, it therefore cannot be explained by theory, is totally absurd. Boorstin feels that because Americans did not use theory to construct their society, theory is thereby useless to explain it. I might argue with equal justice that because the water in a kettle does not take cognizance of the laws of thermodynamics, those laws cannot be used to explain why the water boils if put over a flame.

Second, it is a bit boring to see one author after another "explain" America on the basis of almost ubiquitous circumstances. The statement that "All knowledge in America seemed to come in small miscellaneous parcels" is not less true in Europe and Asia. The idea that Americans were "liberated" from thinking that governments had to be constructed according to political theory looks a little weak against the consideration that no working government has ever been constructed that way. Only very modern governments even show signs of such a tendency—inspired, of course, by the relative success of the American government.

This brings us naturally to the problem of "contradictions," which a certain type of observer delights in finding among the Americans. Such paradoxes, we gather from such books as *The Americans*, are uniquely American. Having lived a year in France, served with the Army in Germany, and married an English wife, I feel qualified to say that other nations are just as peculiar as we. And for that matter, the existence of a "contradiction" does not, as many feel, expose the futility of theory. It merely shows that the theory in question is wrong. Aristotelean physics contained various contradictions, but Galileo did not thereby conclude that theoretical physics was impossible.

Those who plump for the intuitive, the practical, and the nontheoretical simply argue that intuitive, practical, nontheoretical theories are best. *That theory has failed every time it has seriously been tested.* My own theory is that it's about time intellectuals came out for the intellect.

FRANK M. ALBRECHT
Department of History
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore

THE REAL FORMOSANS

To the Editor: Nationalist Chinese Ambassador George Yeh's views as expressed in his letter to the Editor in your October 30 issue are not shared by the Formosans. The Formosans in the United States—the only Formosans who are free from Nationalist control and hence can express freely their desire concerning the future of their island—are always grateful for your consistent advocacy of United Nations trusteeship and principle of self-determination by the Formosans as a solution to the present impasse in the Formosa Strait.

Despite Mr. Yeh's assertion, the value of the offshore islands is not that "they serve primarily as eyes in the defense of Taiwan and the Pescadores" against Communist invasion. Rather, it is that their retention in the hands of the Nationalist régime is essential to the continued domination of the Chinese minority over the Formosans. (The Chinese population in Formosa is 1,014,228, while the Formosans number 8,676,022, according to the census that the Nationalists conducted in 1957.)

Since 1949 the Chinese refugees in Formosa have maintained their domination through the medium of "the Central Government of Republic of China," theoretically the government of the whole of China, including both the Chinese mainland and Formosa. Thus, of 1,513 representatives of the National Assembly whose chief function is to elect the president and amend the constitution, *only twenty-six are Formosans*, the rest representing the mainland provinces no longer under Nationalist control. The proportion between the Formosan and Chinese representatives in the Legislative Yuan and the Control Yuan is likewise one-sided, the former consisting of 508 representatives and the latter 88, in which Formosans number eight and five respectively.

If the Nationalist régime should lose the offshore islands—the only truly Chinese territory remaining to it—there must in all fairness be a general election based upon the present population proportion between the Formosans and the Chinese in Formosa. In such an election, the Formosans, outnumbering the Chinese by more than five to one, would no doubt capture practically all the seats in every organ of the "Central Government," including the presidency now occupied by Chiang Kai-shek. The Formosans could then amend the constitution and even rename their island the Republic of Formosa. That is the real reason why the Nationalist régime cannot afford to lose the tiny offshore islands.

PETER ONG
Philadelphia

THREE RAILS IN TEXAS

To the Editor: I might have known. The finest article on education that it has been my pleasure to read (Lois Balcom's "San Angelo Builds Three Rails for the Three R's," October 30) appears in *The Reporter*, not in my educational magazines.

I wish Miss Balcom's article could be printed in pamphlet form and placed in the hands of every school system and college department of education.

JACK E. HALL
Deming, New Mexico

To the Editor: Miss Balcom has reported most enthusiastically about new ideas and innovations in education on the elementary and secondary levels in a small public school system. This system of three rails seems to enable all students to grow and develop at their own rate and permits each child to progress to the limit of his capacity. May our university community take note of this Texas community's progress and enlightenment.

Bravo for Principal Wadzeck, and for the teachers, parents, and citizens of San Angelo.

SONIA MICHELSON
State College, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: Congratulations on Lois Balcom's article on the San Angelo schools. I hope to see more articles on education that are of as high a caliber as this one.

PETER PEREIRA
Hoyt Hall
Exeter, New Hampshire

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

FROM the journalistic point of view, it is a bit of a nuisance that the first Tuesday in November had to fall between issues of *The Reporter*. On the other hand, this also has its advantages in that it has enabled us to add some detachment to our natural *engagement* (if that's still the chic French word for it). Both these qualities, we trust, are to be perceived without too much difficulty in **Max Ascoli's** editorial and in the articles on the post-electoral scene that follow.

Leo Egan, political reporter on the New York *Times*, followed Nelson Rockefeller throughout his campaign, and after his victory has gone with him to South America. **Hale Champion** reports from San Francisco, where he is on the staff of the *Chronicle*. **James A. Maxwell** is a regular contributor from the Middle West. **Harry S. Ashmore** is executive editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* of Little Rock and the winner of a Pulitzer Prize for *An Epitaph for Dixie* (Norton). Of his career as the editor of a major Southern newspaper in troubled times, he has written: "My role has been that of a man trying to preserve order at an incipient riot, and my highest purpose has been to see to it that calm and reasonable voices are heard above the clamor of the willful and ignorant men who have appropriated the center of the stage."

IN OUR last issue, November 13, John Rosselli reviewed **Robert Ardrey's** newest play, *Shadow of Heroes*, now at the Piccadilly Theatre in London. Mr. Ardrey made his own last appearance in *The Reporter* in 1957, with a three-part series on Hollywood. Many of our readers will doubtless be surprised by what he reports from South Africa about hopes and dreams to be found within the Dutch Reformed Church. So are we, and that is one of the reasons we are happy to publish his article. . . . **Darrell Berrigan,** editor of the Bangkok *World*, is an American long resident in Thailand. . . . **Thomas R. Kenyon,** also an American, has had exceptional opportunity to study Pakistan at first hand. His article "Pakistan: A Land in Search of Nationality" appeared in our issue of November 28, 1957. . . . Representative **Emanuel Celler** (D., New York) is chairman of the House Committee on the Judiciary.

Nils Åke Nilsson is director of the Russian Institute at the University of Stockholm and an authority on Slavic literature. . . . **Gerald Weales** teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania and frequently writes on the movies for *The Reporter*. He is the author of a children's book, *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* (Atlantic-Little, Brown). . . . **Roland Gelatt,** the author of *The Fabulous Phonograph* (Lippincott), is executive editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Norman Podhoretz,** who was born in 1930, has made his mark as one of the most gifted of the postwar critics. He was formerly an editor at *Commentary* and is now freelancing; his criticism has appeared in the *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, and the New York *Times*. This is his first contribution to *The Reporter*. . . . **Alfred Kazin,** author of many books and recently co-editor of *Emerson: A Modern Anthology* (Dell and Houghton Mifflin), regularly contributes criticism to our pages. . . . **Perry Miller** is professor of American Literature at Harvard and the author of *The New England Mind* (Harvard), and, most recently, of *Consciousness at Concord* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith,** professor of economics at Harvard, has just published *Journey to Poland and Yugoslavia: 1958* (Harvard), which is based on an informal journal he kept while lecturing last spring. . . . **William Harlan Hale,** a former contributing editor of *The Reporter* is now managing editor at *Horizon*. He is the author of *Horace Greeley: Voice of the People* (Harper). . . . **Daniel Schorr** is a CBS correspondent now stationed in Warsaw.

Our cover, a Washington impression, is by **John Clift.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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HOWARD FAST'S

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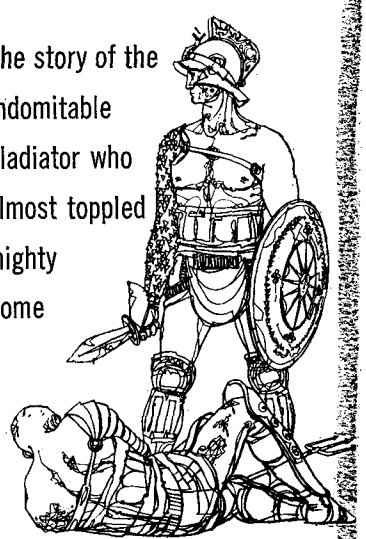

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MAX ASCOLI

A Long Way from '52

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS, and this time more spectacularly than ever: the sovereign citizen is stunned when the voice of the sovereign people is heard. The outcome of the recent elections is very much as predicted. Yet the rites of the democratic process make all of us bow our heads in wonderment when the popular will asserts itself. This is the way democracy works. Ours is very old and ingrained. We hardly know the hold its rites and ceremonial have on us.

Perhaps it is in conformity with this ritual that a number of us assume an attitude of bored detachment while the campaign is on but, like everyone else, are stirred when that supreme enigmatic entity, in whose power we partake, answers the questions put to it. The answer, invariably, is a riddle.

The task of suggesting various solutions to the riddle normally keeps a large number of people busy until the next elections. This time, the effort had better be redoubled, for there is anger in the popular will. A number of leaders have been repudiated, and though the reasons may be in part local or accidental, the nation-wide trend is antagonistic to the Republican Party. Two years of Congressional primacy are thus assured, but no amount of Congressional initiative can relieve a lame-duck administration from its ultimate Constitutional responsibilities. This condition of things does not make for forceful policies either at home or abroad at a time when the very survival of the Alliance and of the nation is threatened by an exuberantly forceful enemy.

The much used and abused remedy for national emergencies—bipartisanship—has already become a habit, and whatever novelty in bipartisanship can be expected during the coming session of Congress is likely to derive from the exasperation with the Executive that prevails among a large number of Republicans as well as Democrats.

In both parties the liberal wings have been considerably reinforced, and the burden of responsibility that has fallen on leaders in and out of Congress has been increased well beyond the obligation of the offices they hold. The Executive default has brought to the fore a number of tentative leaders and tentative ideas, all compelled to develop their potentialities in a very short time and against great odds.

THIS is why there is such a stirring quality in the results of the last elections. The various prospectors for the Presidency will face extremely rigorous tests. Their actions or pronouncements will be projected against the background of a Presidency that cannot quite be considered as fully exercised. No sane person can contemplate with any degree of equanimity the possibility that the next elections may be won by a man inclined to make a nominal or intermittent use of his leadership.

In fact, all men who have now become holders of a sizable amount of power will have their mettle tested with unusual severity. This applies to those among the Democratic Congressional leaders, who, even if devoid of Presidential aspirations, must manage to keep their party united and at the same time free from rebellion or blackmail by the extreme Southerners. This applies also to the heads of organized labor, whose rejoicing at the defeat of right-to-work legislation in many states should be tempered by the hardened anti-labor attitude in large sections of management—an attitude not likely to be mellowed by the recent political victories of labor.

During the coming years, it will be singularly inadvisable for anybody whose authority has been directly or indirectly enhanced by the popular vote to take his position or his luck for granted. Perhaps the time has come when political credit is getting tighter and will be granted only upon presentation of tangible securities. Perhaps the American people have learned their lesson: indecisiveness and vagueness of purpose are not requirements for the highest offices.

Liberalism, to which such a disconcertingly large number of people claim allegiance, will also have to face exacting tasks in the coming years. To mention only one: the fight against inflation demands institutional reforms designed to bring together the powers of government, of business, of agriculture, and of labor, if ways are to be found to steady the value of the dollar. It cannot be steadied without sustained, concerted efforts, and such efforts demand planning, not superstitious reliance on chance. It is the task of liberals to see to it that planning is devised and executed by defining the specific responsibilities of independent and correlated sources of authority. In the same way, it is up to liberals to find the solution to the problem raised by Edward R. Murrow in our last issue, for there are no reasons why the continuous profit of networks, of advertising agencies, and of big business should require the debasement of public taste or of public intelligence.

ON THE WHOLE, the jolt produced by these most predicted and predictable of elections has been thoroughly enjoyable. Our democracy functions. There is a stupendous amount of work for liberals to do. The years ahead will be exceedingly arduous. But they can also be fun.

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Who Is Nixon, What Is He?

DOUGLASS CATER

REPORTERS sensed they were witnessing another "first" at a late October press conference in Minneapolis when the Vice-President blew his top, peremptorily dismissed them, and strode, lips trembling, from the gathering. Covering Nixon over the years, they had seen a number of variations on a theme of anger —sarcasm, scorn, contempt, offended righteousness. But there have been few examples of an uncontrolled reaction from this man who prides himself on his ability to keep a tight control on his emotions.

"The only time to lose your temper . . . is when it's deliberate," he was once quoted in a Sunday magazine feature. Last summer he described his reactions during his harrowing experiences in Peru and Venezuela to Stewart Alsop: "How did I feel? . . . While it is going on, I feel cold, matter-of-fact, analytical. . . . Then when I saw the soft answer would not work, that they wouldn't let me speak, I allowed myself the luxury of showing my temper and called them cowards. It was deliberate, letting my temper show—not that I didn't really feel it . . ."

Having got off the smooth-running Nixon Campaign Special only two days earlier, I was interested to learn the cause of the Minneapolis outburst. Certainly, the tape recording of the press conference gave no obvious clues. In this as in other press conferences, there were no barbs in the questions put to Nixon. It is a curious fact that reporters tend to take on the semantic characteristics of the officials they cover regularly. With Truman they were terse and testy. At the Eisenhower press conferences they are wordy and frequently lose track of syntax. With Nixon they become glib.

Of course, during the campaign swing some touchy subjects did come up. There was the matter of Representative Patrick J. Hillings's brazen assertion that Nixon would "assume the mantle of leadership" of the Republican Party on November 5. And Mrs. William Knowland had just called Goodwin Knight "macaroni-spined." But this was nothing that Nixon couldn't handle with his usual facility.

IT WAS Philip Potter's question that touched off the show of anger in Minneapolis. Nixon had declared that he disagreed completely with Southern Democrats on civil rights. Potter, the mild-mannered correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*, simply asked him to spell out his ideas on the subject. Potter referred to a petition made to the President the preceding week by a civil-rights group whom Eisenhower declined to receive. Granted, it was a sensitive subject, but not that sensitive for an old pro like Nixon. Potter had certainly not made what Nixon called "an insinuation that I have refused to discuss civil rights."

More likely, Nixon's ire stemmed from an accumulation of things. He was tired, having got up at six-thirty that morning to greet the public on the Dave Garroway show; he had a cold (the sniffle was audible on the tape); he had been dogged by defeatist polls and divided Republicans all along the campaign circuit. In New York, a few days earlier, he had been politely given the leper treatment by Nelson Rockefeller's entourage. His close friend Hillings's indiscretion and Mrs. Knowland's magnificent epithet about a fellow Republican were two more indications of the party's disarray.

But there was more to it than that. For as the 1958 campaign progressed, Nixon must also have had a foreboding of personal disaster. Here he was confronted by a crisis not so acute but infinitely more difficult to resolve than the one arising after the exposure of his "fund" in the midst of the 1952 campaign. Then, he had been able to salvage the situation with a single television broadcast and some fancy backstage maneuvers. This time, such remedies were of little use. As one observer has remarked, "This time, he is confronted by two years of solid trouble, with a bankrupt party, a weary and disillusioned President, and, for the first time, a formidable competitor."

Tricky Transformation

The Vice-President had made a calculated decision that proved to be dead wrong. He had no choice, of course, but to wage a tireless campaign if he expected to be his party's nominee in 1960. But the kind of campaign he chose to wage helped stir up again Nixon's peculiar image trouble. After the long and carefully arranged build-up of the new Nixon and, more recently, what might be called the newer Nixon, his campaigning revived the image of the old Nixon. Many noted the old snarl when he labeled the publication of statistics on the State Department's mail concerning Quemoy and Matsu as "the patent and deliberate effort of a State Department subordinate to undercut the Secretary of State and sabotage his policy." When he issued his "clarification" on campaign tactics, newspapers all across the country reproduced a Herblock cartoon depicting Nixon, brickbat in hand, standing in the gutter and

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telling a passerby, "Of course, if I had the top job, I'd act differently."

In point of fact, Nixon did not go as far as he had during the 1954 ("Acheson College of Cowardly Communist Containment") campaign. He pointedly declined to identify the "radicals" who were threatening to turn government into a wild spending binge. He didn't even join with Eisenhower in singling out, without actually naming, freshman Senator William Proxmire (D., Wisconsin) as a prize example of the profligate. Early in the campaign, Nixon quoted Acheson as declaring in 1950 that the United States would not defend Korea. Reporter William Lawrence of the New York *Times* pointed out that Acheson had said no such thing. Thereafter, Nixon obligingly quoted Acheson as saying Korea lay outside America's defense perimeter. (Which, of course, was not quite what Acheson said either.)

Throughout the campaign the Vice-President regularly announced, as though his personal reassurance was necessary, that "There is only one party of treason—the Communist Party." He bestowed the loving phrase "gallant warrior" upon his bitter foe Truman. When a reporter quoted Nixon as saying that a "Truman-Acheson policy meant war," a campaign aide irritably corrected him, pointing out that Truman's name was being left off the slogan this year.

Still his moderation failed to get across. Those who have remained skeptical of his advertised growth into a "mature" politician noted the *ad hominems*, the "rotgut" metaphors, and the instinct for the jugular. He refurbished the image of the character once labeled by Democrats, independents, and many Republicans as "Tricky Dick." The image could be as fatal to his future ambitions as the image of "The Man Who Can't Win" was for Robert A. Taft's.

Behind the Screens

"The Vice-President is a unique official of government," Nixon declared not long ago. "He has access to information in all areas but power in none." This appraisal only tells the half of it. For the advent of Richard M. Nixon to the Vice-Presidency has brought a remarkable transformation to this ancient burial chamber for politicians. Traditionally, the Vice-President has had limited alternatives. He could disappear Throttlebottom-like from public view. He could achieve a certain prominence by his stubborn antagonism to the President, as in the case of Jack Garner. He could use the office to pursue pet projects the way Henry Wallace did. He could become a traveling promoter of good causes in the fashion of Alben Barkley.

But Nixon's arrival in the Vice-Presidency coincided with the full flowering of television, and he has applied many of TV's techniques to develop the potential of his office. He has demonstrated that the Vice-President, if he is skillful, can manipulate the fade-in and the fade-out, the filters and the cropping devices familiar to the cinematographer. In times of crisis, he can even employ television's technique of "going to black"—that is, he can remove the image from the screen altogether for a calculated interval.

William S. White has remarked on this same phenomenon: "[Nixon's] curiously sheltered position—deeply in the Administration but not necessarily or always *of* it, and not directly accountable either to it or for its decisions—has meant that most of his actions have been made known on a leaked or ex-parte basis." It is precisely in this area of journalism by leak that the press in Washington is most vulnerable. The reporter made privy to a confidence feels bound to extract every last ounce of publicity value from it. The same trifling anecdote can ricochet around town, gathering momentum as it moves from news item to Sunday feature page to full-dress magazine article.

Consistency is not necessarily a prime objective of Nixon's public relations. On March 14, Stewart Alsop reported that because of the recession Nixon and Secretary of Labor Mitchell "wanted a $5,000,000,000 tax cut to be announced by the White House at the beginning of the present week." A few days later, the *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent in Chicago reported after an interview, "Mr. Nixon believes that a tax cut is not timely yet." The Vice-President thus reaped publicity benefits as the one dynamic member of the administration, while at the same time maintaining an appearance of strict loyalty to the administration's position. And when campaign time arrived, he could without a qualm denounce those "prophets of disaster" who had proposed "panicky" economic measures.

In such a fashion, the new Nixon has earned encomiums like "farsighted," "forceful," and "formidable." He has grown, we are told, in all directions at once. Even normally critical reporters have abandoned their customary precision in describing this phenomenon. Richard L. Strout of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who yields to no one as a trenchant commentator, recently described Nixon as "one of the most brilliant and intellectually gifted figures that American politics has produced in half a century."

Another observer has compared Nixon to Churchill as a "real intellectual." As if to bolster the claim to erudition if not to intellectuality, the Vice-President has been quoted by Earl Mazo of the New York *Herald Tribune* as declaring: "I like to examine the lives of public figures, from Caesar, Genghis Khan and Napoleon to Gladstone and Disraeli and the recent ones. I try particularly to find out how they dealt with public problems, how they arrived at decisions, and why they made mistakes." Nixon's recent utterances have contained such learned references as (to a Harvard Business School audience) ". . . The Roman poet said it two thousand years ago . . ." and (to Stewart Alsop) "There's a quotation that expresses what I mean exactly. A German—was it Bismarck? No, I don't think so. . . ."

Jerry Building?

The refashioning of Nixon certainly goes beyond the reporter's craving for good copy. The reporter in Washington today, much like reporter Henry Adams during Grant's administration, seeks wistfully the sources of creative energy that will enable our government to respond to the tremendous challenge it faces. Adams finally gave up the search and spent his remaining days

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studying the great cathedral builders of the Middle Ages. The reporter today sometimes takes to building his own cathedrals.

Nixon has furnished blueprints for such construction projects. With the ready consent of the President, he is the first Vice-President in history to become a full-time student in an in-training program for the Presidency. As the popular press tirelessly points out, he sits in the high councils. During the President's illnesses, he has "presided" over the cabinet and the National Security Council. (Though there is a scarcity of knowledge about what this really means, since neither body may make decisions for the President.)

He has displayed remarkable aptitudes. Those who have had a chance to observe the Vice-President close up have usually come away greatly impressed by his capacity to absorb and to articulate. Unlike Truman, who was in private as dogmatic, if not so belligerent, as he was in public, Nixon speaks an entirely different language within the intimate confines of the conference room. His off-the-cuff talk to a confidential briefing session of the elite Committee for Economic Development last year was a masterpiece of lucid commentary on the theme "Soviet Progress versus American Enterprise." Although his exhortations were not original but precisely along the lines of C.E.D.'s own proposals in previous years, he at least discussed the weighty issues succinctly and intelligently.

In a confused era, Nixon creates a compelling effect. The fair-minded reporter's reaction is not only to be attracted by this persuasive man who speaks such obvious good sense but to grow doubtful about his own recollections of an earlier Nixon. Last spring, the Vice-President invited the British correspondents in Washington to dinner and an off-the-record discussion at his home. Afterward, Max Freedman of the Manchester *Guardian* cabled his impressions of "A hard, disciplined, able, growing mind," and "a generous, constructive and spacious philosophy, akin to the vision which once led Senator Vandenberg." Freedman concluded, "the Democrats . . . really must begin to examine Mr. Nixon and not the malignant myth of their own invention." Since 1955 the same sort of thing has been said by a number of eminent reporters.

Charles D. Sharp

Here, perhaps, has been Nixon's greatest talent of all. He has not only been able to alter his image in the public mind but can even make the change retroactive.

Legends and Lectures

In September, 1957, Richard L. Wilson wrote for *Look* magazine an article entitled "The Big Change in Richard Nixon." His title was something of a misnomer, for it turned out that Nixon had been a "changed" man all along. "Nixon has kept this quiet until now," wrote Wilson, "but he lectured McCarthy several times." (By the time of writing, of course, McCarthy was long since dead.) The first lecture, it seems, took place in 1950, after the Wisconsin senator charged the Acheson State Department with keeping eighty or more "known Communists" on its payroll. "Your mistake," Senator Nixon is quoted as telling McCarthy, "is in calling these people Communists. You'd have been on much sounder ground to say they are sympathetic toward Communist points of view, are fellow travelers, or have Communist-front ties. Never make a charge unless you can back it up. Always understate your case."

Later, as Vice-President, Nixon was equally free with his advice to McCarthy—and, one notes, equally preoccupied with tactical rather than moral precepts. "For your own good, you should devote yourself to other fields," he tells McCarthy. "You should not be known as a one-shot senator." As McCarthy's feud with the Army begins to ap-

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proach its crisis, he intercedes, "I urge you to be more gracious toward [Army Secretary] Bob Stevens. . . . Don't let this thing force the President to make a break with you."

The *Look* article makes no mention of the fact that Nixon instigated the famous "chicken" lunch at which McCarthy completed his debasement of Stevens.

LAST SUMMER, the Nixon archives were opened to throw new light on still other legends. In Stewart Alsop's *Saturday Evening Post* article "The Mystery of Richard Nixon," we are offered an intimate look at two critical episodes in Nixon's career at times when to all outward appearances he was totally dependent on the indulgence of Eisenhower. The first was the celebrated secret-fund crisis of 1952. The second occurred during the spring of 1956 when the President made noises about letting his protégé have a chance to gain more "administrative experience" in a cabinet post instead of running for a second term as Vice-President.

Now we learn that far from being dependent, Nixon "with a sure, instinctive grasp of the political realities, and a bold willingness to act upon them," was the one who was calling the shots. Directly after Eisenhower's "clean as a hound's tooth" admonition, Nixon knew that he must "at all costs avoid being summoned to judgment, like a naughty little boy . . ." He issued orders, promptly communicated to the Eisenhower campaign train, that he would in no circumstances speak to anyone except the general himself. Three nerve-racking days passed in silence while he maintained his ultimatum. The evening of the third, the general telephoned him. The thirty-nine-year-old fledgling is described as giving the ex-conqueror of Europe a stiff lecture on practical politics, ending up with an admonition of his own—the crude and familiar one addressed to those who dally too long in the water closet.

This was by no means the extent of Nixon domination. After his famous television appeal to the nation, Eisenhower wired him to come to Wheeling, West Virginia, to help "complete the formulation of my personal decision." This was just the kind of "summons to be judged," we are told, that Nixon was determined to avoid at all costs. Alsop recounts in full detail how Nixon aide Murray Chotiner carried out a fantastic game of bluff with Republican Chairman Arthur Summerfield. The Vice-Presidential nominee had no intention of going to Wheeling, announced Chotiner when Summerfield called him jubilantly after the public response to the telecast began pouring in. In fact, Chotiner had been obliged to tear up one telegram of resignation written by Nixon and he was not sure how long it would "stay torn." The only hope was for Summerfield to obtain Eisenhower's advance blessing. Summerfield did and Nixon flew to Wheeling. By a "remarkably bold and aggressive line," Nixon had got his way.

Quite possibly these events took place exactly as reconstructed. But one cannot help noting that all this backstage maneuver did nothing at the time to remove the public impression of the youthful candidate being "summoned to judgment." In fact, the tears Nixon shed on Knowland's shoulder after Eisenhower had delivered his "Dick, you're my boy" benediction only strengthened such an impression.

Instead, the revelation of those episodes comes just as we witness the emergence of the "newer" Nixon. Now we see the "bold move of a brilliant professional politician" who never was simply a sidekick to a popular President. This is the man who in 1956 "took matters into his own hands" and forced Eisenhower to concur in his "decision" to run for a second term; the man who during this last campaign issued a public communiqué to the President and the Secretary of State on how campaigns should and would be conducted.

The Heir Apart . . .

A short time before this year's elections, a highly placed Republican Party official told this reporter flatly, "I don't care how well Rockefeller does in New York or how bad a beating we take in California. Nixon is the nominee for 1960. Nobody can stop him." A second official in the same headquarters, not quite so highly placed but of longer tenure, also gave a convincing list of reasons why Nixon would get the nomination. Was it impossible to upset him? "Nothing is impossible in this party," he retorted. "I saw Wendell Willkie, the most inept politician of our century, run off with the nomination in 1940. If he could do it, anybody can."

Nixon's prospects do have a clinched look about them. Whatever his impact on the voters, his campaigning this fall renewed his ties with the party professionals all over the country. The defeats suffered by the party may paradoxically have strengthened rather than weakened these ties. For defeat frequently brings the reverse of Lord Acton's axiom into play: power tends to corrupt but being out of power corrupts absolutely. High party affairs are apt to fall into the hands of the hacks. Nixon, through all his difficulties, has had no trouble dealing with the hacks.

But there is an even more persuasive reason for a monolithic unity of the Republican Party behind the Vice-President. He stands, according to the cliché, a single heartbeat from the White House. He is separated from the Presidency only by the brief time it would take an ailing Eisenhower to pen his resignation. If Nixon were to accede to the Presidency by default, the rules of party politics all but foreclose any intra-party challenge to his renomination in 1960. The grave uncertainty that this produces among party leaders may discourage initiatives on Rockefeller's behalf.

From this viewpoint, Nixon has a pretty simple course of action. He needs only to continue what he began with his tax speech at the Harvard Business School early in September—to issue a series of broad statements that will ring the changes among the various organized interest groups in the nation. Like the Harvard tax speech, they need not be particularly original or daring. But they must be Nixon's views as distinct from the administration's.

His object, according to his partisans, will be to continue to strengthen the image of the newer Nixon. Neither to the right nor the left of Eisenhower, he must merely be apart from him. "Team" and "togetherness" will be passé words these next

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two years. Friend Hillings was undoubtedly speaking the gospel truth when he predicted Nixon's assumption to party leadership the day after election. For the first time in history, a President who acts as if he couldn't care less will experience the political debilitation of the Constitutional proviso against succeeding himself.

. . . and the Rock-Strewn Path

But let us examine the other side of the ledger. There are some who are convinced that "if the Lord spares [him] that long"—to use Eisenhower's oft-repeated estimate of his remaining tenure in office—Nixon may never attain the party's nomination, much less the White House. They cite everything from convention statistics to a feeling in their bones to justify their conviction. But their fundamental belief, mingled perhaps with their hopes, is that the Vice-President will fail to sustain the image of a leader able and deserving to be President.

First of all, the business of cutting the Eisenhower apron strings may prove far more difficult than imagined. Judging by his first post-election press conference, the President is dead set on two final years of heels-dug-in economizing. "I think every place we are spending too much money," he declared with the vexation of a man firmly persuaded that he must insert the stopper or the whole nation will go down the drain. And not even the hard reality of the approaching missile age appeared to alter his determination.

Such an interregnum will hardly offer an aspiring Vice-President the platform he needs for 1960, especially when he must deal with a rampant Democratic majority in Congress. Yet in voicing disagreement, Nixon must play a careful game. To move too far out of the shadow would risk an open break with the President, who still holds at least a veto over the selection of the next nominee.

At the same time, Nixon must somehow manage to outperform the most attractive new Republican politician to appear for a long time. Nixon's role is irrevocably cast in the wearisome and strife-ridden drama of Washington. Rockefeller will be able to stage a drama of his own making in Albany. He can maintain the genuine apartness from the declining Eisenhower administration which Nixon can only pretend to.

Viewed in retrospect, the Vice-President endured incredible humiliation by his much-publicized sortie into New York. Both he and the accompanying reporters had been forewarned that Rockefeller would not appear with him in public. He was obliged to outargue Republican State Chairman L. Judson Morhouse in order to keep his scheduled television appearance. All day in the Waldorf Towers, he and his aides remained incommunicado while they waited to learn if there would be any meeting with Rockefeller at all.

Only when his campaign plane was safely headed toward the Middle West did Nixon call a press conference with the reporters on board to explain, "I advised him [Rockefeller]—no, I didn't advise him—I said I thought he should continue his campaign the way he has." Wasn't he upset by Rockefeller's delay until the very last minute to set up the brief breakfast get-together? "I'm not a sensitive fellow," he declared. "I lost that years ago."

Why did he take this humiliation? Simply, one supposes, because the leading Presidential contender could not admit that he was unwelcome in the leading state in the Union. New York and its politicians have played a crucial role in every Republican convention since 1940. Its sources of party financing can make or break a candidate. Though Thomas E. Dewey is in semi-retirement, the power of his well-geared machine to manipulate conventions is still highly respected.

All this Nixon knew. He knows, too, that Rockefeller's overwhelming victory means that his chances of New York backing have practically vanished. It has also endangered the grudging support he had won among the liberal wing of the Republicans in Congress.

"Nixon's got the nomination unless he does something nutty," one Republican professional predicted to me, "and he's too smart to do anything nutty." This belief in the Vice-President's infallibility as a politician is widely held. But it is possible to agree that he has outclassed some rather dreary competition and still to entertain doubts. Was it smart politics, for example, for Nixon to get so deeply involved in the California fratricide this fall? Though he denies it now, he helped thrust Knight out of the gubernatorial into the Senate race. Both Knight and Knowland supporters blame him in part for the resulting catastrophe. A smart politician, too, would have done a better job of winning at least respect among the Democrats in the Senate who will form the majority until 1962 or beyond.

Upstaging from Off Stage

As he plans ahead, Nixon must reckon with the publicity media that have served him so well in the past. In this age of fast and fleeting publicity, the merchants of modern mass communications are ready to discard the old and faded figure for someone who is fresh and interesting. Even on election night the TV diagnosticians showed a strong penchant for dismissing Nixon as the Rockefeller avalanche rolled in. Next day, the editor in charge of distribution for one of the largest publishers demanded solemnly in staff conference if a Nixon book in the works couldn't be displaced by one on the new governor-elect. He said he knew what the buyers were interested in.

The public-relations job that faces Nixon will be the most difficult one he has yet known. If he is to be convincing to the voters, he must maintain the center stage while not creating the impression of always being on stage. He must achieve the highest form of art—the art that appears artless. He must project the image of the new or newer Nixon (depending on where you're starting from) while not appearing to be tinkering with the slide projector.

He is a talented and durable politician. Yet there was something a little wistful about the huddled airplane press conference when Nixon described his hasty breakfast with candidate Rockefeller. "I ate oatmeal," he told reporters matter-of-factly. "Nelson had eggs. I'm watching my cholesterol count. He isn't."

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WHITE HOUSE:

Politics Is So Confusing

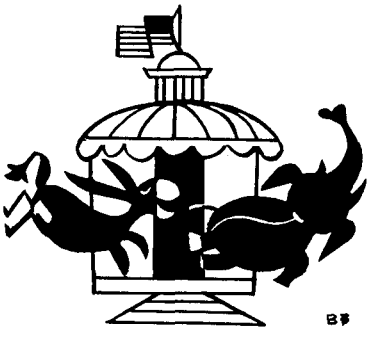
WILLIAM LEE MILLER

FOR SIX YEARS NOW, Mr. Eisenhower has been working at this political thing, and he doesn't seem to be getting much closer to understanding it than when he started. In the baffled remarks at his press conference on the morning after the elections, he showed once more what a wonderful confusion he can make of it all—a quite representative confusion, and therefore related to his own great personal appeal but not of much use in a political way to anyone else.

His remarks came at the start of that struggle which always follows each election, the struggle to interpret the results. Sometimes this battle can be almost as intense and as important as the one that preceded it: policies, candidates, and factions can win and lose by having victory or defeat convincingly ascribed to them. Among the victors, each group tries to find its own principles responsible for the victory; in this case, Johnsonian moderation, for example, or forthright liberalism. ("The Democratic Party has won a mandate," said Mr. Stevenson, possibly to the surprise of some dairy farmers and others, "to provide the thoughtful and creative leadership our nation needs in this dangerous time.")

THE STRUGGLE among the vanquished is even more intense, each faction trying to find the other one responsible for the defeat. While in one column of the New York *Herald Tribune* Roscoe Drummond finds modern Republicanism strong even in the party's loss, just a column away David Lawrence insists that Republicans can't win when their modernism keeps hordes of true conservatives home from the polls. (The election provided a clue to the whereabouts of those hidden hordes of Taftian Republicans, by the way; they seem to be secreted somewhere in the mesas of Arizona.)

At 7:45 on the evening after the election, Edward R. Murrow explained that the clearest meaning in the election was the defeat of conservative Republicanism, but three-quarters of an hour earlier Fulton Lewis, Jr., had advanced a much more striking, if less convincing, argument exactly to the contrary. The Republicans won, he said, when they were independent of Eisenhower and true to Republican principles (Goldwater, Hruska, and—well—Keating), and they lost when they



tried to follow Eisenhower into a hyphenated me-too "modern" Republicanism indistinguishable from Democratic radicalism (Thye, Potter, Payne, and even Watkins). Mr. Lewis managed somehow to wind this interpretation around the defeat of Malone, Barrett, and Bricker (in these races there was a close finish, or overconfidence, or something) and the victory of Rockefeller and Scott (these didn't involve national issues). Never mind about Knowland. Mr. Lewis's whole analysis was a work of awe-inspiring ingenuity.

MR. EISENHOWER'S interpretation was impressive for quite different reasons. Like Mr. Lewis, he is consistent, but his consistency serves no Republican faction. Though verbally firm in his desire to promote a "modern Republicanism," he was his usual amorphous self in relating that desire to the election returns. His remarks really link him not to a new Republicanism but to an old Americanism: to the sturdy tradition that finds politics baffling and tries to deal with its shifting and limited conflicts over policy with huge, static, noncontroversial, and usually inapplicable words about character, personal relations, and broad (very broad) principle.

One could see it in the President's repeated insistence that he had been "preaching" exactly the same thing for six years, as though the constancy of his own rhetoric ought to have been matched by an equally constant support on the part of the public, and as though the purity of doctrine preached, rather than the effect of action taken or not taken, should have been the test. One could see it, too, in the perplexed reference to a "complete reversal" in 1958 of the 1956 results: there is a curious pathos in this popular hero's lack of comprehension of the nonpolitical bases of his own victories. Apparently he will continue to the end to believe that his good American friends voted not for him (to believe that, he said after the 1956 election, would be "egotistical") but for the "principles" of "modern Republicanism." How difficult that would be was clear from the same press conference: Republicanism seemed to consist in being for peace, in keeping the economy on an even keel, and—with rather sudden urgency—in non-spending; modernity seemed to extend all the way over to John Bricker.

That last matter really showed in a clear light Mr. Eisenhower's trouble with the mysteries of politics. Asked whether the absence of such men as Senators Malone and Bricker might not actually make it easier to pass some programs of his own, such as foreign aid, he said he would not want to predict about that. Except for the one thing of the Bricker amendment, he felt that he and the senator were rather in the same camp; certainly their personal relations were friendly, and he wasn't going to do anything so tasteless and unfriendly as actually to look up the man's voting record.

What new Republicanism needs, to get off the ground, is a new Republican.

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NEW YORK:

The Hunch That Paid Off For Nelson Rockefeller

LEO EGAN

THE ENTIRE Rockefeller campaign started from a hunch: the assumption that a sufficiently vigorous Republican candidate could buck the nation-wide trend if he convinced the voters that he didn't actually have much in common with his party's other candidates. It worked. Although the trend against his party turned out to be even stronger than had been anticipated, Nelson A. Rockefeller defeated Governor Harriman by more than half a million votes.

The victory was certainly a personal one, but a fair share of the credit must go to L. Judson Morhouse, the Republican state chairman in New York. Some time ago Morhouse concluded that the only hope of defeating Harriman lay in the nomination of what he calls a "Triple A" candidate—able, aggressive, and attractive. At forty-four, Morhouse combines an Ivy League polish (he went to Middlebury in Vermont) with the comfortable manner of a country lawyer (he prepared for the bar examinations in the old-fashioned way by reading Blackstone as a clerk in a small-town law office). He lives in Ticonderoga (pop. 5,204) on Lake Champlain, where he has a real-estate office and indulges in his hobby as an amateur flier. After modest beginnings in politics—justice of the peace and state assemblyman—Morhouse attracted the attention of Governor Dewey, who picked him out for the job of state chairman in 1954.

The Rockefeller-Morhouse association began almost accidentally just after the 1956 Presidential campaign. The state chairman had assembled a group of wealthy Republicans, Rockefeller among them, to discuss ways of paying off the campaign deficit. After the meeting Morhouse and Rockefeller found themselves standing together on a Fifth Avenue curb trying to flag down taxis. They fell into conversation, suspended their taxi hunt, and stood on the sidewalk nearly half an hour discussing their party's future.

Morhouse knew, of course, that he was not talking to just another rich Republican. As a special assistant to the President on foreign policy, Rockefeller had helped in the development of Mr. Eisenhower's "Atoms for Peace" proposal and the "Open Skies" plan for disarmament inspection that was put forth at the Geneva Conference. Rockefeller had had frequent clashes with Treasury Secretary Humphrey and Budget Director Dodge, who complained that his ideas would cost too much money, and with Under Secretary of State Hoover, who dismissed many

of them as starry-eyed. Finally Rockefeller had resigned, apparently convinced that he was getting nowhere and that he could exert more effective political pressure as a private citizen. Until this year's campaign began, Rockefeller spent a good deal of his time clarifying his own ideas—and also giving them wide publicity—through the series of "Rockefeller Reports" that he has sponsored with his brothers.

THE POSSIBILITY of Rockefeller's running for office was not discussed during the sidewalk chat with Morhouse in 1956. But the thought had certainly begun to stir in the minds of both men. As a cautious test of his own interest in Rockefeller's potential as a candidate, Morhouse got him appointed to a special commission set up by the state legislature to revise the state constitution. Governor Harriman, confident that there was no danger in making Rockefeller prominent in state affairs, proposed him as chairman of the commission, and Morhouse readily agreed.

The reaction to Rockefeller at commission hearings around the state convinced Morhouse that he was on the right track. His next job was to convince Republican county chairmen. It wasn't easy: many of them were disturbed by reports of Rockefeller's liberal views, and others regarded the Rockefeller wealth and family name as a liability.

Although the prospects of victory did not seem bright, a contest developed for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Aside from Rockefeller, there were Leonard W. Hall, former Republican national chairman, and State Senator Walter J. Mahoney, the legislature's Republican strong man. By visiting enough counties and talking to enough county chairmen and local Republicans, Rockefeller was able to eliminate his rivals one by one and clinch his own nomination before the convention met. In this way Rockefeller avoided a disruptive convention battle and absolved himself of any suspicion that he was the hand-picked candidate of the bosses.

Help from Harriman

Rockefeller's personality was certainly an asset in the campaign, but it took a lot of hard work to make the voting public aware of it. Six months ago Nelson Rockefeller was not a particularly well-known man in the state of New York. Scientific polls and other sampling techniques had confirmed the Rockefeller-Morhouse thesis that the best chance of electing a Republican governor lay in portraying the candidate as basically nonpartisan. Governor Harriman, for reasons that may be mystifying to many Democrats, co-operated fully in establishing a sharp contrast. His campaign appearances with former President Truman and Adlai E. Stevenson, his drumfire campaign against President Eisenhower, and his frequent use of New Deal and Fair Deal phrases all served to underscore his own partisanship.

The polls and samplings also indicated a need to convince voters that

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Rockefeller's wealth had not put him out of touch with the problems of the average citizen—in short, that he was not just a stuffed shirt. This could be done on a limited scale by sending the candidate on handshaking tours and getting him to meet people on the streets and in factories. But how could this essentially retail appeal to the voters be converted into a wholesale operation in order to reach hundreds of thousands of voters during the campaign? The answer was provided by two men—Thomas Losee, a corporate vice-president of the McCann-Erickson advertising agency, whose Marschalk & Pratt Division handled the Rockefeller campaign advertising account, and Sylvester (Pat) Weaver, a Dartmouth classmate of Rockefeller's and former president of the National Broadcasting Company. Their suggestion was simply to send a crew of cameramen and tape recorders along with Rockefeller on his handshaking tours. The best interviews were later put on the air, and the results were impressive.

THE NONPARTISAN CONCEPT was strictly observed in all billboard, car-card, and newspaper ads during the campaign. Rockefeller was never identified as a Republican, only as a man who would bring vigor and vitality to the state government.

Every medium of modern communication was used. Thus, foreign-language radio stations sent a constant barrage of Rockefeller propaganda to listeners the Republicans had never tried to reach before, reminding them of how much the "old country" had been helped by the philanthropic activities of Nelson Rockefeller or institutions connected with his family.

Rockefeller insisted on maintaining active personal supervision over all these merchandising tactics. To the disappointment of some advisers, he turned down one singing jingle as "too soapy." And for his part, Morhouse kept a close watch on the results by means of opinion samplings. The Republican state chairman's faith in the value of polls was acquired from former Governor Dewey, a pioneer in their use as campaign guides.

Shortly before Rockefeller announced his candidacy for the nomination, these polls had shown Harriman so far out in front that he looked like a landslide winner. He was the choice of sixty per cent of the voters. In a test with Rockefeller as his possible opponent, a mid-June poll showed Harriman getting fifty-one per cent of the vote, Rockefeller thirty-three, and the remaining sixteen per cent undecided. By the end of July, presumably as a consequence of the attention attracted by the Republican contest for the nomination, the Harriman percentage had dropped to forty-two and Rockefeller's had increased to thirty-nine. Harriman's edge was maintained until the Democratic convention. But the very next poll taken showed Harriman and Rockefeller running neck and neck. Apparently what had pulled Harriman down was his ineffectual opposition to Tammany leader Carmine De Sapio over the choice of a Senate candidate.

The effect of Rockefeller's handshaking tours, his visits to factories and delicatessens, and the television shorts began to show up in the October polls. One taken in mid-month showed him definitely ahead for the first time. Rockefeller reached his peak in these polls on October 22, about two weeks before the election. A poll taken during the final week showed Harriman beginning to gain ground for the first time, even though the gain was slight. This was attributed to the shift in Democratic tactics in the final days of the campaign: Harriman stopped emphasizing the sins of President Eisenhower and concentrated on bread-and-butter questions such as rent control and transit fares, two subjects of lively concern in New York City. But the shift came too late, and some of Harriman's attacks on Rockefeller may actually have cost him a few votes: Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the New York *Post*, withdrew her paper's support of Harriman at the last minute.

Uncle Dan Was Right

But polls don't decide elections, and the only voter preferences that count are cast in the ballot box. The final and by no means least important element in Rockefeller's campaign was Morhouse's get-out-the-vote drive. Dan O'Connell, whose Albany Democratic machine is one of the few survivors of an earlier political age, is authority for the statement that the bigger the vote in New York State, the better are Republican chances. How right he is was demonstrated on election day, when the state vote reached 5,700,000, an all-time high for a non-Presidential year. In 1954, the year in which Harriman won last time, the vote was less than 5,250,000. Since Harriman got almost the same number of votes in each election, it seems pretty clear that Rockefeller's margin of victory was derived largely from the increase in total ballots cast.

The most effective device Morhouse used for getting out the vote was the telephone call. In Nassau County, a commuters' residential area on Long Island, a corps of sixty-five telephone solicitors was trained and put to work calling more than 100,000 enrolled Republicans during the last week of the campaign. Mass telephone appeals have been made before, but the difference this time lay in the fact that the calls were two-way conversations. The voters were invited to talk about what *they* thought the important issues in the campaign should be. Not only did the Nassau telephone campaign get Republicans to turn out; it also brought to light situations that might have hurt the Republican candidate's chances and, to the surprise of the organizers, brought in substantial voluntary contributions to a far from penurious campaign.

ALTHOUGH Rockefeller and Morhouse played a hunch in this year's campaign, they have both demonstrated that they are eminently practical politicians. We can probably take at face value Governor-elect Rockefeller's claim that he is not wasting any time worrying about 1960 and that his future plans are bound up entirely in the difficult business of finding "bold but practical" solutions to the problems that face New York right now. The opportunities to go higher are obvious. But Rockefeller is certainly shrewd enough to realize that whatever the future may hold for him will depend on what he is able to do in the present. Personality may have been largely responsible for his first electoral victory, but it will take performance to win the next.

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CALIFORNIA:

To the Victors Belongs The Empty Treasury

HALE CHAMPION

AFTER LONG YEARS of hunger and privation, California's euphoric Democrats sit around the victory banquet table. They have just had a most satisfying dinner, and no ghost has yet made his presence known. But there is nevertheless a haunting uncertainty in the air. For despite all the splendor of their triumph, the Democrats have not yet established anything like conclusive control of California's vast and growing political strength. Moreover, their leadership may not be up to the difficult task of doing so.

The Democratic Party in California has been building carefully and well since 1952, largely with the youthful energy and enthusiasm brought into the party that year by the first campaign of Adlai Stevenson. It has developed a state-wide party voluntary organization of some forty thousand precinct workers, an organization oriented to ideas rather than jobs. This unique mass organization, the California Democratic Council, is shrewdly integrated at most levels with the statutory party organization, and their leaderships, working together, had helped bring the party's legislative strength almost to parity with that of the Republicans even before the 1958 campaign.

Significantly, they had also helped restore partisanship in a state in which Hiram Johnson and Earl Warren had come close to destroying it. Johnson's peculiar device, the so-called "crossfiling" primary system in which California candidates could seek the nomination of both parties at the same time, is still in operation. But it is no longer so useful to well-known G.O.P. incumbents because of two recent changes made by the Democrats. The first, inaugurated by referendum two years ago, required that the crossfiling candidate must identify his party on the ballot, something he didn't have to do before. Secondly, the C.D.C., as the Council is usually known, came up with an effective pre-primary endorsement technique to concentrate most of the party's strength behind one candidate in the primaries. Where happy Republican incumbents, their own party nominations assured, once coasted to victory or near-victory in Democratic primaries against often divided Demo-

cratic opposition, they now usually find themselves up against a single strongly backed candidate.

But even these factors are not so firm as they seem. The Democrats have 1,200,000 more registered voters than the Republicans. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown won the governorship by just about 1,000,000, and there is a natural tendency to assume a near party-line vote. But with one exception, other state-wide Democratic candidates drew far fewer votes than Brown. The fact is that Brown, the victorious Democrat, was much more in the image of such moderate Republican favorites of the past as Warren and Johnson than was Knowland, the defeated "radical right-wing" Republican. Who can guess what California's voters may do in the future if confronted by a match between a moderate Republican and a moderate Democrat?

If this election didn't provide an authoritative answer to the future of California politics, perhaps what happens between now and 1960 will. During those two years, the Democrats have a chance to resolve most of their present problems in their own favor.

Problems and Leaders

What are the California Democratic Party's prospective major problems and what is the potential for their solution?

Leadership ranks at the top of the list. Pat Brown is much better than *Time* magazine's "Just Plain Pat," but there was truth as well as distortion in that caricature. His spectacular victory over Knowland does not make him a giant killer—it happened that Knowland turned out not to be a giant. He has had a fairly successful career in lesser posts. For seven years as district attorney in San Francisco and for eight years as state attorney general, he has pretty much stayed out of trouble and done his job. He is energetic, but he is also excessively cautious. Caution may be vital to political survival in minor offices, but it can bring political ruin to a man in a position requiring strong, positive leadership. Newspapermen know Brown as an honest, fair-minded, and moderately able fellow who, when he finds himself compelled to act, usually does the right thing—especially if the right thing isn't too hard to do.

Some of the credit for Brown's victory must unquestionably go to a young former utilities corporation lawyer, thirty-five-year-old Fred Dutton, who was drawn into politics a few years ago by the charm of Adlai Stevenson. Dutton's first big political job was as Stevenson's Southern California campaign manager in 1956. As Brown's campaign manager, he did an organizational and policy job that earned him some enemies (something Brown would be better off earning more of one of these days), but also gained him an enviable reputation as the best of the party's new "pros" in California. He is moving with Brown to Sacramento as his executive secretary, but whether he will remain as influential as he was during the campaign remains a question. He is more committed to ideas and ideals than is

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Brown. Even in the hurly-burly of the campaign, he reached for a perfection of performance that made some who worked with him, including Brown, uncomfortable at times.

NEXT TO BROWN on the leadership ladder one would have to put Clair Engle. The forty-seven-year-old Engle ought to become a senatorial fixture: a man who comes to the Senate just after being the powerful and adroit chairman of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee and a member of Sam Rayburn's inner circle (Engle even tends to talk in Texas jargon) is not really a freshman. But he has handicaps when considered as the potential top leader of the party in the state. He has no mass base of popular support in the party at large. If, for instance, State Senator Richard Richards of Los Angeles County had sought the Democratic senatorial nomination, it seems almost certain he could have had it. Engle has experience, intelligence, and ability; yet a lot of people who observed him up close during the campaign saw the salty folksiness that helped in his home Congressional district up in the "cow counties" of the Sierra, but not his other attributes. It must be conceded that he often didn't display them.

Perhaps next in line comes Richards. Many in Southern California see in him the greatest available potential for the near future. Richards is forty-one, a speaker of some eloquence and a man of maturing political intelligence. Most important of all, he holds by steadily increasing majorities his state senate seat from Los Angeles County. That means he holds, almost as a political fief, the home of forty-two per cent of California's voters. Increasingly, Los Angeles is the political powerhouse of the state, and increasingly Richards knows where to find the switches in the powerhouse. His next shot at a major office—he lost a respectable race to G.O.P. Senator Thomas Kuchel in 1956—will come in 1962. He can either run again against Kuchel or, if Brown is not up for re-election, seek the governorship. Richards also has the advantage of old ties to the C.D.C. and could expect that group's active support in almost any venture.

A fourth important figure is Stanley Mosk, the new attorney general. He was a sort of "boy wonder" under Culbert L. Olson in the last chaotic Democratic administration of California from 1939 to 1943, and since then has been a superior court judge and a good one. His amazing success against Representative Patrick J. Hillings has made people take another look at him politically, and he conceivably could use the attorney general's job as a springboard, after the fashion of Warren and Brown. What happens may depend on his role in the Brown administration. There are signs that it may be a very important one.

Brown's Study

Other men, of course, offer possibilities. But for the moment, anyway, the leader will be Brown, aided by Dutton. How well can he be expected to deal with his major problems?

Because Brown is the head of a victorious party, he has intraparty problems. He must convince skeptical C.D.C. workers and others that they have won more than a famous victory in his election. If his ap-

pointments are good and his initial legislative program is "progressive," these ideologically oriented politicians will be half satisfied. What would make their satisfaction complete is some assurance that Brown and Dutton don't think their job is over just because the Democrats are in office in California. If Brown alienates C.D.C.'ers with a lackluster program or dismisses them as unnecessary to the future of the party, he will make a fateful mistake. The C.D.C. or something else that will channel the same energies and enthusiasms, is badly needed. As an organization it is not all good, but Brown had better find a way to retain its friendship.

More crucial, however, are the problems of state government. The Democrats have inherited an empty state treasury from Governor Knight, whose inadequacies are just beginning to be revealed. As a result the Democrats are going to have to do something drastic and unpopular about taxes. They must also deal with an impasse on water problems between Northern California and Southern California that developed during the Knight administration and is now fraught with political peril. During the campaign, Brown stayed away from commitments on both problems, so he has working room. If he can persuade people of the difficulties under which he is taking over as governor, they may forgive him a new tax or two, and perhaps even a water solution that doesn't fully satisfy anybody. This is the kind of task for which Brown is best fitted. His fair-mindedness and his talent for compromise may help both him and the Democrats through this very delicate situation.

Good First Act

With all this and more to think about, and all the work there is to do, it will be 1960 before Brown has time to look up. And yet look up before then he must, both for his party and for himself. Perhaps 1960 will be the most important year in the history of his party in California. If the Democrats can retain control of the assembly that year (continued control of the state senate seems certain), they will conduct the 1961 decennial reapportionment of Congressional and legislative districts. The importance of this just cannot be exaggerated. In 1960, California's continuing population boom will entitle the state to at least seven more members of the House of Representatives, increasing the delegation from thirty to thirty-seven or more. By using the new seats and undoing a careful G.O.P. gerrymandering done in 1951, those in charge of the 1961 reapportionment may well shape the whole future political history of the state. Also at stake is control of the legislature—the key to Republican power in the state for the last half century.

ALL IN ALL, California will offer a fascinating political drama for the next two years. The 1958 elections were a fine first act, but no more. What happens between now and 1960 will determine whether California's Democrats really have a long-run production on their hands.

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OHIO:

The Battle Bricker Didn't Want to Fight

JAMES A. MAXWELL

When Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio emerged from a long meeting with state Republican leaders and members of the Ohio Right-to-Work Committee at Cincinnati's Queen City Club one evening last summer, he wore the grimly unhappy expression of a sprinter who has just been notified that he would have to run the hundred-yard dash in Army shoes.

None of the other members of the group would tell reporters what had been discussed, but the senator frankly said that he had been spending the past few hours arguing against putting a right-to-work amendment on the ballot in a Congressional election. He had lost the argument.

Later, he told friends that proponents of the measure were making a disastrous blunder by insisting upon a vote this year and that the entire Republican slate of candidates, including himself, was in grave danger of defeat. Perhaps if Bricker had not added his name to the list of possible losers, his warning would have carried greater weight. To Ohioans, the defeat of the senator seemed as remote as Lake Erie's becoming a desert.

Although John Bricker joined the politically unemployed on November 5, he had at least the gloomy satisfaction of knowing that he was a prophet of painful accuracy. The Democrats elected Stephen M. Young to replace Bricker, won control of both houses of the Ohio legislature, gained three Congressional seats, and made Michael V. Di Salle governor.

Almost no one, it seems, had even remotely estimated the impact of the right-to-work issue upon the election. Labor was cautiously optimistic and the newspaper polls supported this position. Instead of a close contest, however, the voters, in the largest non-Presidential year turnout in Ohio's history, swamped the proposal to outlaw the union shop by a vote of nearly two to one.

'It's as Simple as That'

The day after the election, Ray C. Bliss, state G.O.P. chairman, placed the blame for the Republican rout squarely upon the right-to-work issue. Bliss said that he had repeatedly warned that it might lead to defeat. Another G.O.P. official, who asked not to be named, was blunt and bitter when I asked him why Bricker and C. William O'Neill, running for re-election as governor, had volunteered their support to the issue when it was not even part of the Republican platform. "The guys who supply the money for the party in this state demanded it," he said. "It's as simple as that."

This political miscalculation enabled organized labor to deliver, for the first time in Ohio, a substantial block of votes. Formerly, in this highly conservative state, unions have been unable to demonstrate any real power at the polls. In 1950, for example, when labor conducted an all-out campaign to defeat the late Senator Robert A. Taft, the result was a fiasco. In the 1958 campaign, however, union leaders were able to present the right-to-work proposal as a bread-and-butter issue. In labor's well-financed campaign, heavy stress was placed upon the lowering of wages and standard of living that allegedly would result if the amendment passed. This argument was obviously effective with rank-and-file union members and also with hundreds of thousands of other Ohioans who have never held union cards.

Of course there were other factors: unemployment, dissatisfaction with the Eisenhower foreign policy and with the Benson farm program. However, the fact that Bricker, the only national candidate in the state who actively supported right to work, and the G.O.P. state ticket were both hard hit, while the Republican candidates for the House of Representatives fared comparatively well, indicates that advocacy of the right to work was the major handicap. Most of the Republican candidates for the House of Representatives remained discreetly silent.

This pattern of voting was well illustrated in Hamilton County (Cincinnati), Ohio's staunchest bastion of Republicanism. In election after election, this county has provided the huge Republican majorities that have turned defeat into victory for candidates who have run poorly in other parts of the state.

'I've Always Been a Republican'

Two years ago, O'Neill carried Hamilton County by a tremendous majority. In this past election, he lost by nearly ten thousand votes. When Bricker ran for the Senate in 1952, he carried the county by about 70,000. This year, his majority was less than a third of that figure. Also, for the first time in ten years, the Democrats were able to elect three Hamilton County representatives out of nine to the general assembly. Normally, Democratic candidates for state and county offices have as little chance of success in Cincinnati as would a fervent integrationist Republican in Mississippi.

"I've always been a Republican," one union member in Cincinnati told me, "and I voted for O'Neill and Bricker the last time they were up. But then this right-to-work thing came up and that was aimed right at me and my family. I was still going to vote for O'Neill and Bricker, but when they came out for the union-busting idea, I said to hell with them." Apparently, many other workers in the county and state shared this sentiment.

Right-to-work proposals were turned down in five of the six states in which the issue was on the ballot. In most of them, candidates who backed the measure paid a heavy penalty.

For the present, support of a right-to-work law in an industrial state is, if not political suicide, at least a form of Russian roulette.

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ARKANSAS:

They Didn't Want A Man of Reason

HARRY S. ASHMORE

BROOKS HAYS is a raconteur of note who has practiced his art for sixteen years on the floor of the House of Representatives and for even longer in the pulpits of Baptist churches, over which he currently presides as lay president of the vast Southern Baptist Convention.

He likes to tell of a character in his home town of Russellville, Arkansas, who was afflicted with an impressive list of infirmities. The townsfolk would commonly greet the old gentleman as he hobbled down the street with, "How are you today, Uncle Billy?" And Uncle Billy would reply, "Son, are you sure you got time for the answer?"

It would doubtless take Brooks Hays a long time to list his own afflictions in the wake of November 4. It is a bitter dose for a senior congressman to go down in defeat under any circumstances. But Hays was one of the only two House Democrats turned out of office against the tide of a national Democratic sweep. The other was Coya Knutson of Minnesota, who was brought down largely by her husband's complaints that her career was wrecking their marriage. Hays found himself the surprised victim of alienation of the affections of an entire Congressional district, where he had reason to consider himself a fixture and where he had been treated to a demonstration of tolerance, if not fondness, as recently as the Democratic primary in July.

THIS GENTLE MAN, who cleaves to the Bible and Edmund Burke, has accepted his defeat with Christian fortitude and something very like relief. The Bible, he says, enjoins him to the course of moderation in the racial controversy that racks the South, and he cannot in good conscience abandon it. With Burke he believes that in a democracy a representative must advocate the views of his constituency; if he cannot convert the voters to his own beliefs, he should abandon his seat.

"I might have done just that had I realized the extent of the shift in public sentiment in the district," he says. "But I felt when I announced for re-election that I was still in accord with the majority of the voters, and the results of the primary seemed to bear me out."

Hays won renomination handily in a race against Amis Guthridge, an uninhibited Citizens' Council candidate of considerable political experience, who rang every change on the racial theme. This was in the same primary in which Orval Faubus won a third term by a majority that broke all Arkansas records, and observers everywhere considered Hays's 3-2 victory an indication that somehow moderation had survived at least in Little Rock and its environs.

Sticking with Segregation

Since he did not even have token Republican opposition in the general election, Hays considered himself in for two more years, and went happily off on a speaking tour for the Baptists. But in September came another round of court decisions in the Little Rock case, a special session of the legislature, and the closing of the Little Rock high schools on order of Governor Faubus. In the weeks of stalemate that followed there were rumblings that the segregationists, heartened by the collapse of Little Rock's opposition to the stringent Faubus policies, would take another crack at Hays. The obvious man to carry the flag was Dr. Dale Alford, a personable eye specialist who had established himself as a public figure during his service as the single pro-Faubus member of the beleaguered Little Rock School Board. Three weeks before election Alford revealed that he was considering the race; eight days before the voting he formally announced as a write-in candidate.

While Alford sought to give his campaign the character of a spontaneous protest movement, it was carefully planned and timed. With characteristic ambiguity, Governor Faubus declared he had no personal interest in the race. At the same time he notified the faithful of what he expected of them by detaching his personal assistant and political adviser, Claude Carpenter, from the statehouse staff and lending him to Alford as campaign manager. Behind the scenes Faubus intervened personally with local political leaders in the six counties of the Congressional district. And, to offset the mechanical difficulties of the write-in, the statehouse delivered an attorney general's opinion upholding the legality of the printed gummed stickers bearing Alford's name which were distributed wholesale at the polling places—sometimes with the active assistance of the election officials.

THE CAMPAIGN itself was intense, with maximum use of television time and newspaper advertisements. Dr. Alford, who had worked as a radio announcer during his days as a medical student, turned out to be a masterful pitchman. A handsome man of forty-two with a trained and melodious voice, he projected a quality of Madison Avenue sincerity on the TV screen. Moreover, by normal segregationist standards, his attack on Hays was impersonal and restrained, staying well below the pitch where he would—as Guthridge did earlier—offend respectable segregationists. Hays, he conceded, was sincere and well-meaning, but he was a moderate, and moderation was a form of treason to the South.

In content the campaign was, like almost all those in the South these days, filled with fantasy. Although the clanking of the formidable Faubus political machine was clearly audible, Alford posed as a simple man of principle standing alone except for the prayers of private citizens oppressed by the Supreme Court. His real concern was not with race but with states' rights and constitutional government. And what did he propose to do about the inte-

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gration matter? Why, he said, he would not stand "idly and apologetically by," but would take a firm stand against "usurpation of power by the Supreme Court."

HAYS was not without resources. He had, and used for all it was worth, the party-loyalty issue, which in the past has usually worked wonders in Arkansas elections. Although Alford claimed to be a Democrat, Hays pointed out that he obviously couldn't be, since he was running against the nominee of the Democratic primary, and other Democrats on the ticket endorsed his stand. At least one major county political boss stood firm against Faubus's blandishments and worked openly for Hays. And on the last day of the campaign, Governor J. P. Coleman of Mississippi, a notable advocate of regular Democracy, took to the air to certify Hays as a true friend of the South and to deplore ticket splitting.

But when the votes came in, some of them suspiciously late, Dr. Alford had a 1,600-vote majority, too much to justify a contest even though there were obviously irregularities of some magnitude. Hays conceded with grace, and Alford accepted with conventional humility.

Hays recognized that in the circumstances even a narrow margin of victory would have constituted a repudiation of the incumbent's position. In spite of Faubus's support, the odds were against the write-in candidate. Those who wrote in or pasted in Alford's name were not making a conventional gesture, but were taking an unusual means to express a great depth of feeling.

"The simple fact," Hays says, "is that I can no longer represent the district. I believe that a solution to the integration crisis can only be found through negotiation, conciliation, and compromise. I believe, as I have from the beginning, that the extreme course adopted by Governor Faubus will prove fatal in the end. But the people clearly have been convinced that I am wrong and that the governor is right, and I could not in good conscience represent them in Washington."

Moderation in the Sky

In many ways the Fifth Arkansas' switch from the genteel moderate to the genteel extremist may well be symbolic of hardening attitudes across the entire South. Hays, perhaps more than any other Southerner, has exemplified moderation not only in theory but in practice. Before the Supreme Court decision of 1954, he tried to sell Congress a compromise on civil rights—a proposal that would affirm the principle of racial equality but would rely primarily on voluntary means to secure it. In both 1952 and 1956 he was a key figure on the Democratic National Convention platform committees, working successfully to bring about compromise civil-rights planks that would keep the Southern delegations from bolting. Along with one hundred other Southerners in Congress he signed the defiant Southern Manifesto criticizing the Supreme

Court's school decisions, but he made no secret of his reluctance to do so, and always he tempered his criticism of the court decisions with an injunction that they must be obeyed until and unless they could be altered. And after Faubus moved his National Guardsmen into position around Central High, Hays answered a call to duty from his old friend Sherman Adams, and became the thankless intermediary between the White House and the governor.

Although Hays can count only a few minor victories in his string of major defeats as a conciliator, his faith remains firm. On the day after election, reflectively polishing a pair of glasses prescribed for him in a happier time by Dr. Alford, he said:

"I can honestly say that I have rarely known greater peace. I did what I could. It wasn't enough, but it was right. And I'm not through. Now I intend to devote the last six months of my term as president of the Baptist Convention to the church. I'll be traveling the South, talking and listening. One thing we can all agree on: the present situation is intolerable, and it cannot continue. There has to be a way out, in moderation, in justice, and in good will."

OUT OF OFFICE, Brooks Hays is likely to address a larger congregation than he did as a congressman. He may well be more outspoken and more effective than he was when his natural tendency toward straddling the tough issues was accentuated by the necessity of pacifying a distraught constituency at the very center of the storm. The course of events that finally cost him his office also made him a national figure—and it should have given him a firmer grip on the reality of the Southern scene than he evidenced when he approached Orval Faubus in the belief that the Little Rock crisis could be resolved by a bit of Christian fellowship between the governor and President Eisenhower at Newport.

The greatest reality is the lack of it in the prevailing mood of the Southern people. By all the laws of logic, even the staunchest segregationist should have recognized that the best chance of easing Little Rock's racial tensions was to keep in office a man who operates in the inner circles of the Democratic Party, who had a place at the right hand of Speaker Sam Rayburn, and a license to use the side door of the White House even when a Republican is incumbent. But the voters apparently wanted a man who would shout their own frustration and defiance—and damn the consequences if he also turned out to be the most impotent figure in national politics, a freshman congressman who may not even be seated in the controlling Democratic caucus.

Can Brooks Hays break through this emotional screen as a roving Baptist and emissary of the regular Democrats? If he ever does, he ought to be able to preach a marvelous sermon, taking his text jointly from Job and from his favorite secular prophet, Burke, who said:

"If we do not permit our members [of Parliament] to act upon a *very* enlarged view of things, we shall at length infallibly degrade our national representation into a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency."

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South Africa: A Personal Report

ROBERT ARDREY

JOHANNESBURG

SOME YEARS AGO I met in Pretoria a man named Prinsloo, then as now spokesman for South Africa's Department of Native Affairs. Most Afrikaners take a splendid delight in nailing an American's feet to the floor and then explaining to him their country's racial policies. Prinsloo did it by profession. He told me several dialect jokes about the black man's joy at being bossed by the white man; I had heard all the jokes before, at one time or another, in the United States. He impressed on me the gratitude which I as an American should feel that South Africa had erected a bulwark against Communism in Africa. I was fascinated. And he finished by stating flatly that ninety-five per cent of all South Africans, whether Afrikaans- or English-speaking, approved of apartheid, the Nationalists' program of racial separation.

Father Trevor Huddleston was still working in Johannesburg at that time as Anglican priest for the Negro settlements of Orlando and Sophiatown, and a few weeks later I had the privilege of meeting him. I was still something of a tenderfoot on the South African frontier. When I asked him what he thought of the government's claim that ninety-five per cent of the electorate approved of the racial policy, I could still find the very idea humorous.

Huddleston laughed too. "Rubbish," he said. "Ninety per cent."

THIS YEAR I was again in Pretoria and it was election night. The summer rains had come to a fortunate end just two days earlier. Election day had been beautiful throughout all the Union. Sunshine and voters had made a gay thing. The Nationalists had racked up a stunning success, and the old-fashioned Afrikaner capital was in rapture. People stayed up all night listening to returns that never for an instant had been in doubt. The Afrikaner, firmly and for all time, had regained control of his country. Whatever the outside world might think, the racial policy was no issue; Huddleston had been right.

The United Party, with its large English-speaking base, had made various gestures in the direction of "liberalism" for the benefit of the world grandstand, and perhaps of its own uneasy conscience. But there had been only one issue: who was to run the country? The answer was solid: the Afrikaner. Never again would he be threatened with minority English rule.

South Africa's First White Tribe

The Cape of Good Hope is an earthly paradise standing in wonder where the oceans turn. It is a garden at the end of the world, a poem for the weeping of travelers, and in its valleys there is bounty, and on its mountains there is mist. To this heavenly garden came the early Dutch settlers to raise vegetables for sailors in the Indies trade. As far back into the hinterland as their hunters probed, there was no one about; only the wild, wary Bushman, that yellow-skinned paleolithic leftover, as untamable today as he was then. And there was the Hottentot, not too numerous and likewise mysterious in origin, but intelligent and adept. The Dutchmen settled down with the Hottentots, and bred with them as freely as with the slaves from the Indies. It was at the time of Nieuwe Amsterdam when the Dutch came to the Cape, but for a hundred and fifty years no one thought to take it away from them. Soon they were joined by other Europeans, especially Huguenots. You can find those French names in any newspaper today—Du Plessis, De Villiers, Marais. It was the most fortunate of unions, for the French brought wine to the valleys, grace to the table, gaiety to the Calvinist hearth. The two bloods blended, and became what we call the Afrikaner. The two languages also blended and became what we call Afrikaans.

It is a curious case of parallel linguistic evolution that the same contact which in Belgium produced Flemish produced, six thousand miles away at the Cape of Good Hope under the most isolated conditions, a language so similar. One may sympathize with the position of a Belgian businessman whom I met on a Léopoldville plane last year. His firm had recently established a branch in the Transvaal staffed by twenty-five Belgians. They had so promptly been assimilated by Afrikaner society that to his consternation they had absorbed the racial attitude too.

Or one may reflect on the fate of Eugene Marais, a great but little-known naturalist whose work, during his life, was published only in Afrikaans. Marais' supreme contribution to science was a series of studies called *The Soul of the White Ant*, in which he presented the startling thesis that colonial insects act as a single organism. But no one could read it, except in Belgium where the studies were published. And so it would seem that the world has the unacknowledged Marais to thank for Maurice Maeterlinck's later fame.

Afrikaans very nearly is Flemish. But any parallel between Boer and Belgian character must be discarded immediately, for the Boer is an African. He has lived on this continent for precisely the same span as the American has lived on his. He had his century and a half of peace the equivalent of our colonial period, but his was a peace more real: he had no Indians to fight. The Afrikaner dreamed and bred and thrived, and pressed his white little villages into farther and farther valleys, and from cove to cove up the

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shining coast. He became a nation, South Africa's one white tribe. Then the ax fell.

THE NAPOLEONIC WARS were beginning in Europe, and the British needed to protect their India trade bases. Men-of-war appeared off the Cape, and the Boers became a subject people. As if this were not enough, there at last appeared the Bantu moving slowly down the continent's eastern rim.

The century and a half of peace was over; a century and a half of conflict had begun. Twin invasions—one white, one black; one by sea, one by land—in those few short years toward 1800 set the pattern of problem for the years to come. The Afrikaner, faced with the newcomers, chose freedom over paradise. He surrendered the Cape, and taking to his wagon moved north, far north, into the high, lonely land still unoccupied by the black man. On the treeless veld, in the land of the northern rivers, the Orange and beyond the Vaal, he made his new home. He began again. In a land that nobody wanted, not even the Bantu, his farms spread out, his churches rose, his villages sought the few leafy places. And just as Americans found a new mystique in the vast open reaches of our lonely West, the Boer found new dreams on his silent veld.

Then, for the second time, the ax fell. Gold was discovered in the Transvaal. Overnight a land that nobody wanted had become the most desirable place on earth. The Boer War brought an end to the two little Afrikaner nations, Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

If We Were the Boers

If the American is correctly to comprehend the present-day political emotions of the Afrikaans-speaking peoples, then he must visualize a situation in which our Revolution was lost, not won. He must assume that in succeeding decades, to escape British rule, masses of our people migrated past the Mississippi to establish a new nation on the Great Plains. Then gold is discovered in Kansas or Nebraska and we claim it as ours but the British will not have it that way. At about the time of the Spanish-American War, we fight a long, bloody struggle. Our men die by the tens of thousands, and our noncombatants too, in a new apparatus of war called the concentration camp. In the end we lose again.

Holding such a picture in our mind, we can perhaps understand why the love of the Afrikaner for the Englishman is no greater than it is; why his mind rigidly resists an image of a Britain somewhat different today than a half century ago; why certain of his leaders went to prison in the Second World War rather than fight for a British cause;

why he wants a republic; why he will stoop to any political folly to gain an advantage over his conqueror.

I strongly suspect that the Afrikaner has himself to thank for that part of the misunderstanding which lies in the misconception of his character. I don't know why national literatures become so frequently obsessed with an atypical model. It was the English who invented the silly-ass Englishman, yet a silly-ass Englishman I have yet to meet. The fatuous, insensitive, overbearing American businessman was a creation of American literature and is accepted as a valid American portrait the world around; yet I number few fatuous, insensitive, overbearing American businessmen among my acquaintances. Much the same goes for the portrait of the Boer as a dank, dour, humorless, Bible-pounding fanatic. You will find him in every Afrikaans play and every Afrikaans novel. But where they keep the man I haven't the foggiest.

When I first started coming to South Africa, I found that if I treated the Afrikaner like a misplaced Texan, we got along just fine. He has the outdoor look and the outsize frame. His women are handsome. He will overwhelm you with hospitality, and talk about his country as if there weren't any others. He is expansive, he is cheerful. His parties have the same quality of Calvinist repression that one meets in an all-night crap game in Galveston.

Texan—but also Irish. The longer one comes to know these people, the more one thinks of the Irish. They possess, like the Irish, a long, hard history with the English, a tendency to drink too much strong spirits, and a strong church. Both make a fetish of languages which few can speak but themselves; both behave like members of college secret societies, divinely ordained. The Boer, like the Irishman, has wit, has charm, has passionate convictions that frequently exceed his information. Above all, the Afrikaner is a political animal. He worships at three shrines: his country, his language, his party.

THE AFRICAN NEGRO did not reach the far extremity of South Africa in really large numbers until long after the white man had come. He seems to have come from the general area we now call Nigeria, which even today contains nearly one-quarter of the dark peoples of the African continent. By that time he was what is called the Bantu. He was a small man, brown-skinned, with fine features and a nose almost European. Whether mutations had taken place or whether in his travels his blood had become mixed with the northern Arab and Berber, we do not know. But one thing was evident: much of the culture he may have inherited from his parent West Coast Negro he had lost on the way. He was now more primitive than when he started out.

The traveler in Africa should be warned to buy his native curios on the West Coast. One lingers long in the market in Léopoldville, fascinated by the delicacy of the ivory work, by the power and insight of the sculpture in wood. But from Kenya to the Cape he will find little to interest him, for to this day the various Bantu tribes make almost nothing of their own. Visit the Basuto in his protectorate; you will find straw hats. Visit the Zulu in Natal; you will find walking sticks and a few childish, ingratiating wooden animals. Visit the Kikuyu in East Africa; you will find almost nothing.

Such a striking absence of the arts

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of civilization scarcely says everything about a people. The Zulu, for instance, is of all the Bantu peoples the most gifted, but as with most nomadic peoples his talents have run largely to war. Until his arrival in the south and his final taming in the 1870's by British arms, the Zulu for centuries had marched up and down southeast and central Africa staging annual massacres of tens of thousands of lesser Bantu, while gathering the annual crops of lesser tribes. Like the Aztec in Mexico, he had a gift for armies, for discipline, for political organization, and for blood.

THERE MUST BE a million and a half Zulus in South Africa today, mostly in Natal. The Zulu is gentle, patient, resourceful. His talent for organization and self-discipline has not left him. I know a factory owner in Natal who employs fifteen hundred, who believes that no white African is as efficient an industrial worker, and who in thirty years has never found a job that a Zulu cannot master. But his is not a common experience, and the Zulus are not typical of the Bantu population as a whole. The question of how much time will be necessary for the Bantu to cope successfully with modern civilization is an open one. There is no question, of course, that he is genetically capable of so coping. But there is the matter of time—and in history, time can be of the essence.

It has been our tendency, in the United States, to project into our picture of the South African racial problems the image of the American Negro. But the substitution is deceptive. The American Negro is an "old American"; he is by religion Christian, not pagan or quasi-Christian; he is—and has always been—a firm believer in the American creed of equality, freedom, and justice. In America, it is very likely that the Bantu would have developed along similar lines. But it is always a wise thing to remind ourselves that Africa is not America, and that this holds true for both white and black.

Tea with Paton

Several years ago I visited Durban. It was at a time when experience was only beginning to erode the clichés embedded in my mind. I had seen enough of the Bantu, in the hills and in the fearful "locations" around Johannesburg, to realize that my own knowledge of the American Negro was serving only to confuse me. I knew little yet about the character of the Afrikaans-speaking people. I was in the position, at the time, of believing almost nothing. But I had seen a bit of the average English-speaking South African: of his couldn't-care-less attitude toward politics and his couldn't-care-more attitude toward making himself a packet; of his dramatic pose when he stated flatly that yes, the whole country would blow up in their faces some day, as if he enjoyed the prospect; and of his blood-curdling political naïveté when you met the rare one who cared.

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon. One of those unseasonably early storms had blown up against the Natal coast out of the depths of the Antarctic to remind you that in April, in this part of the world, winter is coming. I wanted to see Alan Paton, so I got hold of a car. It had been suggested that I adapt for the stage his novel, *Too Late the Phalarope*, and I wanted to tell him why I couldn't. But more than anything, I simply wanted to meet the tragic poet of the African land. I drove up into the hills under sag-

ging-wet trees to the place where the clouds lay against his village.

I steamed out before a fire, and we drank tea and talked about writing. Paton is a slight man with white hair, a slender face, and quick blue eyes. We talked about the moral dilemma that confronts every author who has political concerns: whether to engage himself directly in politics or to stick to his writing. I was in the process of disengagement; Paton, as chairman of the new Liberal Party, was most definitely in the process of engagement. I was unhappy about it, because I knew that there would be no more writing from Alan Paton until politics was over. And I was unhappy too about the Liberal Party, as I am unhappy about any political party doomed to catastrophe. Whether Paton in his heart believed in universal suffrage for Africans I do not know.

It was evident, however, that Paton was unhappy. He wanted to write, and I felt that he had no great faith in what he was doing. He simply had to be engaged. Outside, the rain rippled the windows; inside, there was tea and unhappiness. I asked him if he saw any least hope anywhere. He shrugged and said, "the Dutch Reformed Church."

I assumed that Paton was being ironical, and asked him to elaborate. And he said, well, the Dutch Reformed Church was after all a Christian church, and so it must have a conscience somewhere; and if there was no hope anywhere else, what else could one say? It wasn't irony. At this stage of my experience, I could take it only as despair. It was a grim afternoon.

Theology with Dr. Gerdener

A week or so later I was in Cape Town and the cloth was hanging on Table Mountain and Parliament was in its usual uproar and I was spending my time on a hotel terrace with Nationalist politicians who looked like Texans, told stories like Irishmen, and drank like cuttlefish. The time of my bewilderment had begun. And in the midst of it came a call from Pretoria that my meeting with Professor Gerdener had been arranged.

Professor G. B. A. Gerdener was at that time chairman of the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs, the philosophical wing of the Nationalist Party. He is a professor in the theological seminary at the centuries-old town of Stellenbosch, seat of the university and of the church, the intellectual capital of the Afrikaans-speaking people. When in the Transvaal I had tried with certain of my Afrikaner friends to get to the bottom of apartheid, they had always in the end said, "Talk to Gerdener, talk to Gerdener." Rather slowly I had come to realize that it was a man named Gerdener who

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had been the principal author of apartheid.

On a Saturday morning I hired a car in Cape Town and drove out to Stellenbosch. Gerdener did not give interviews. This was simply a discussion; Gerdener had questions he would like to ask me, and it was agreed that I would not report the meeting. I drove to Stellenbosch to see Gerdener out of simple curiosity, just as I had driven up into Natal's cloud-banked hills to see Paton—there to meet the creator of Africa's loveliest prose, here to meet the creator of Africa's unloveliest racial policy. If I feel free today to report the conversation, it is only because Gerdener's position has become, very suddenly, no longer private.

THE FACT of apartheid, as I had witnessed it, hardly seemed to call for any theory. I had been to Sophiatown in Johannesburg, and had seen bulldozers beginning their destruction, in the name of apartheid, of the one semi-livable area in that city where a Bantu could own his home. Nationalist leaders had dwelled on the deplorable living conditions at Sophiatown, and how much better off the Bantu would be in the new native township at Meadowlands. But it is interesting that the bulldozers had chosen the best block in Sophiatown to start on, and that directly in their path lay the home of Dr. Xuma, the famous Zulu and spokesman for the whole Bantu people.

I had wandered through other native townships in Johannesburg which the bulldozers had not chosen to begin on: through unlighted Orlando and through unspeakable Moroka, where nearly a hundred thousand Bantu live in tin shacks jammed against alleys eight feet wide, and in the name of the separation of the races are privileged to sit at night in the dark, since there is no electricity, to deliver their excreta to a wagon, since there is no plumbing, and to draw their water from faucets a hundred feet apart.

I had also formed certain impressions of the legal structure of apartheid. There was the Group Areas Act, which condemned you by your color to such areas as Moroka. There was the Immorality Act, directed by the Afrikaner leaders largely at the affectionate nature of their own people, which by the severist punishments saw to it that there would be a minimum of sexual contact between the races. If you were a Bantu, then a labyrinth of acts guaranteed that you could not cross the racial barrier, either through the love of a white man or the loyalty of an employer, the

conscience of a teacher, or the persistence of your aspirations: the Bantu Education Act made it a criminal action to give you education unfitted to your station. Finally, the Suppression of Communism Act made it possible to prosecute as a Communist any citizen who objected to the racial policy.

Now there is a South African word that accurately describes this tidy approach to the racial problem. That word is *baasskap*, perhaps best rendered as "bossmanship." But I knew it as apartheid. The world knew it as apartheid. The government advertised it as apartheid, and beat the United Party opposition to death with it; for South African voters knew it too, as apartheid, and ninety per cent approved of it. Now, on this morning in the Cape, I was to meet a churchman—a churchman!—who had been largely responsible for thinking it up.

STELLENBOSCH resembles an old New England town. It suns itself in a valley among its own private mountains, but there are deep oaks and shadowed streets and flowers. There is the university. There are the churches. There are the Cape Dutch houses. There are young people carrying books. There is the sense of learning, and quiet, and dedication. There are inconspicuous byways, sunny and silent in the morning, such as Helderberg Street where Professor Gerdener lives. When he asked me for certain impressions of South Africa, I didn't know what to say. He persisted. I referred to Moroka. And Gerdener was off.

It became clear that no foreign observer had ever viewed the Bantu ruin with a horror the equal of Gerdener's. It was as if he took on himself the sin of Africa: the mutual degradation of black man by white and of white man by black. For the first time the whole panoply of reciprocal corruption became clear to me. There was not only the plight of the Bantu, pressed by a necessity for the white man's shilling or lured by the lights and the excitement, exchanging kraal and tribal ways for the indignity of Moroka. There was also the white man, piling up fortunes in farm and city based on nothing but the cheapness of Bantu wage, disintegrating in his refusal to do work that a black man could be hired to do. It was a process without end. There were always more Bantu. Out of the unfathomable black reservoir of the continent they came, not only from the Transkei, from the protectorates, from Zululand, but from the Rhodesias and as far as Nyasaland, always for the few shillings more a day that they could make in white South Africa than at home. And there were always more white men to turn the profit, to savor more intensely the corruption of materialism, while white man and black, inseparably linked, sank deeper in the void.

Gerdener saw no hope in a multiracial society. With the races at such unequal stages of development and with such a disproportion in numbers, a multiracial society could—in the visible future—be no more than a hypocritical cover name for either the exploitation of the blacks or a vengeance wreaked upon the whites. In his Calvinist passion he saw it all as in the nature of man that white would debase black and black would debase white, until the races were separated. And this separation was apartheid. In effect, it meant a form of partition of South Africa as a radical solution of its otherwise seemingly intractable problems.

I was familiar enough with theoretical apartheid. You got it by the cubic foot in handouts from the Department of Native Affairs. Nobody took it seriously enough abroad even to ask questions about it. According to the theory, the Bantu was being gradually separated from contact with the white; that was why

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you got all the acts. In the end he would be returned to the lands he had come from, the reserves, and there he would be helped to build a Bantu society, complete with Bantu industries and Bantu hospitals, Bantu schools and universities and cities. Nobody ever said, in the literature, who was going to scrub the white man's floor, mine the white man's gold, or pay for the Bantu society.

IT HAD NEVER OCCURRED to me till now that a living soul in South Africa sincerely believed in total apartheid. It was too transparent. Like a Communist program, it offered an eternal vision on paper in exchange for an eternity of repression. Yet here before me in a garden in Stellenbosch sat one of its creators, a man who was likewise transparent—in his sincerity.

I asked gently what would happen to South Africa without its cheap labor, and who would pay for the Bantu society. And he said that there must be European immigration, and that South Africa must develop an economy capable of competing with that of other nations on their own terms, but that above all the white South African must learn to work. As to the Bantu society, South Africans must pay for it. If they wanted a white nation on a black continent, then there was a price. I said that they couldn't pay the price, or if they did, they'd be poor for generations. And he said that speaking as an Afrikaner, they had nowhere to go and so had no alternative; and also speaking as an Afrikaner, that this was their country, that their settlement of it seemed just, and that they would pay the price if they had to be poor for generations.

I had no means of knowing whether any Nationalist politician supported Gerdener, which way his church truly faced, or whether he spoke for anything but a minority of one. It was a scheme that couldn't work, in any case. But though one might derogate the plan, one could not scorn the dream.

Gerdener asked me many questions about American attitudes, and why a Christian nation could not have faith that another Christian would come to a Christian settlement. I could only point out that the Dutch Reformed Church supported the present policies of the Nationalist Party, which could only be read as the wrong half of total apartheid, and supported the statements of Nationalist leaders who called for perpetual white domination. In the circumstances, how could any western nation come to any conclusion other than that South Africa had given up the whole notion of the brotherhood of man? He listened stiffly and restlessly, as if to a voice that he had listened to far too long. And rather abruptly he said that he was not a politician, that there were political problems that others than himself had to face. He spoke of faith, and seemed deeply depressed, and we finished up talking of flowers.

For far longer than the drive back to Cape Town, I was haunted by the picture of the author of apartheid in his Stellenbosch garden. He had to be silent; it was obvious. No Afrikaner could split his party, and

no party could capture a country on a program of scrubbing your own floors and surrendering your fortune. It was likewise obvious that Gerdener was being used, as so many idealists have been used. Was it possible that Gerdener's conscience struck a responsive chord in any segment of his party, of his church, of his people's intellectual leadership? You couldn't tell. The more you knew the Afrikaans people, the more you hoped. But the more you knew South Africa, the more you dreaded. As far as eye could reach across this jutting, screaming battlefield of brutal Nationalist aggressiveness and United Party hypocrisy, one found only *baasskap*.

The Cobras Are Not Far

On the sixteenth of April this year came the Nationalist triumph, and just two weeks later the annual conference of the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs. I doubt that a single reporter riding down to Stellenbosch anticipated anything but neutral platitudes and the usual academic niceties. That the joint would blow up lay beyond probability.

But the joint blew up. Three hundred S.A.B.R.A. delegates—leaders of the church, professors from the seminaries and the Afrikaans Universities, younger Nationalist leaders and old-time intellectuals—had waited precisely two weeks to explode.

A professor stated: "The thought persists among so many whites that for our own profit, comfort, and convenience we can continue to use the nonwhite's labor and still continue to refuse him political and economic rights, and seek to keep him in permanent subjection. Who thinks like this has failed to learn the most important lesson of history—that you can't eat your cake and have it."

This is about the equivalent in the United States of America of suggesting that the Communist Party may have something. The conference cheered.

Speaker after speaker stated that South Africa had two choices only: total territorial separation or a multiracial society. You do not mention, in this country, multiracial societies. Speaker after speaker denounced *baasskap* apartheid. Gerdener, now an elder statesman in S.A.B.R.A., called for and got a resolution demanding a clearer definition of apartheid. A young Nationalist M.P., speaking about a government project to broadcast anti-Communist propaganda to the rest of Africa, said, "I leave it to this congress to judge with what success we will be able to put over our policy if we do it in terms of *baasskap* and white supremacy." He was cheered. Everybody was cheered.

The vice-chairman of S.A.B.R.A., closing the conference, said: "There are those who say that we can wait fifty or a hundred years for a final settlement of the racial problem. They are living in a dream world. I wonder if we have even a generation."

On the following Saturday it became known that the then Minister of Native Affairs and now the Prime Minister, the fanatic and powerful Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, had resigned from S.A.B.R.A.

There is no political split in the Nationalist Party, and such a split

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will be a fair time coming. At present, the group about Verwoerd has an iron grip on the party. But they are old men. I can think of few who were not on this earth at the time of the Boer War. To the mass of the Afrikaans people they are heroes, for they have pursued with single-minded devotion a ruthless, no-holds-barred struggle to regain Boer sovereignty, and they have won. In the winning, they have turned their entire people into savages.

Now there is a younger or more modern Afrikaner who no longer finds it necessary or agreeable to speak in an old man's voice. For a decade he has held his peace, averted his eyes, swallowed his tongue and perhaps his pride; or more likely, his nature being what it is, he had thrown himself onto the antique battlefield convinced that first things must come first. Whatever his course, he has so behaved himself that hardly a foreigner would know that he existed. But exist he does, as Stellenbosch has demonstrated. And he is one of the few faint rays of hope in this unbeloved country.

NOW, AS ON OTHER OCCASIONS, I make my headquarters in Johannesburg at Dawson's, one of the most civilized hotels in the world. The cobras seem distant; the leopards seem all in the zoo. One's comforts are supported by a staff of Indians and Bantu, imported Europeans, and South Africans of both language persuasions, yet in months of residence I have never sensed an instant's racial friction. In South Africa this is the comfort beyond payment.

But we are an island. As I write, I hear a sound in the street. It is a strange sound, high, full yet hollow, and without calculation I am on my balcony for I have heard the sound before. In Von Brandeis Street all the passing Bantu—a hundred within the block—have stopped and all are pointing and shouting, and a white man is hurrying away around a corner. What he did I do not know. The cry leaves off. The Bantu go on about their business. I look up. In every office building, in every window there is a face. On every balcony of Dawson's Hotel, there is somebody standing. We are all waiting.

Two New Strong Men in Asia:

1. Tidying Up in Thailand

DARRELL BERRIGAN

BANGKOK

FOR A CITY of about a million, Bangkok was as quiet and peaceful as one could wish on the evening of Monday, October 20. A cold drizzle was falling, and the pagoda spires of the Temple of the Emerald Buddha glowed mysteriously in the floodlights. The peaceful look of the drenched capital didn't change at nine o'clock, when the gates of First Army Headquarters opened and trucks rolled out carrying troops in slickers to take up positions at strategic points around the city.

Nor was there any noticeable change in the tenor of the city when, in all the coffee shops, wineshops, and homes where the radio was turned on, an army officer announced that at three o'clock that afternoon Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn had driven to Chitlada Palace and handed his resignation to His Majesty King Phumiphol. Not an eyebrow was raised when the radio announced that Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, supreme commander of the armed forces, who had returned secretly from convalescence in England the day before, had "successfully seized control" of power at the head of a new "Revolutionary Party," that martial law was in force, that the constitution was abrogated, and that the National Assembly was dissolved.

Thirteen coups or attempted coups during the twenty-six years since Thailand became a constitutional monarchy have habituated the people to the revolutionary method of changing governments. Still, this particular coup, or "revolution," as its leaders call it, was like no other staged in this or any other country. It was carried out with the consent of the government it was unseating; of the king, to whom it pledged loyalty; and of "the majority of the people." And Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, who led it, was already in possession of the power he seized. Why Sarit moved as though he were conducting a coup against himself is still a mystery, but why he considered a "revolution" necessary is not. He was exasperated with self-seeking, venal politicians, with an irresponsible left-wing press, and with an economic situation the government he had set up couldn't cope with.

FIELD MARSHALL SARIT had staged another coup thirteen months earlier when, on the night of September 16, 1957, his tanks and soldiers moved into town and sent Prime Minister Pibul Songgram

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fleeing the country and Minister of Interior General Phao Sriyanond into exile in Switzerland. Sarit was dangerously ill at his moment of triumph. A blunt, hearty man with years of hard living behind him, he was suffering from cirrhosis of the liver and was not given many years to live unless he submitted to an operation.

In the elections that followed, Sarit and his so-called Military Group threw their considerable weight behind the Unionist Party, which had backed Sarit before the coup. They also endorsed such candidates among Pibul's old Seri Manangasila Party as showed promise of winning elections in their provinces and were not averse to switching loyalties for political profit. And to be triply certain that he made a good show in the National Assembly, Sarit backed a number of independents, opportunists, "Hyde Park" leftists, and neutralist socialists.

With the election won, he confidently formed his own party, the Chart Sankhom, or National Socialist, enrolled all his friends—Unionists, Seri Manangasila, opportunists, leftists, etc.—and sat down with them and his Military Group to choose a government.

The Plagues of Power

There are indications that this was an embittering experience for the ailing field marshal. The Unionists threatened to withdraw if the plums weren't all in their basket. The Seri Manangasila threatened to form its own party outside the Chart Sankhom unless it picked up a few of the plums. The leftists shouted that "the people" wanted a socialist government and that therefore they had to be in the cabinet. And the opportunists jumped from one group to another, hoping to get something out of the shambles.

It took weeks of wrangling before the field marshal was able to see a government set up under his trusted aide, General Thanom Kittikachorn, deputy commander in chief of the army. No one ever took up the reins of government more reluctantly and with more public expressions of that reluctance. General Thanom is a conscientious man who professes that he hates politics and wants to work only as a soldier. His reputation for integrity and honesty, even after nearly ten months in office, remains unchanged today. But as prime minister, he couldn't get off the ground.

In January, after Thanom was installed in office, Sarit called his party and his military colleagues together and begged them to obey their prime minister and maintain unity. Then he flew off to Washington for an operation for his liver ailment at Walter Reed Hospital. Thanom was left holding the bag.

MILITATING against him were what Sarit has called the "four bads"—bad National Assembly, bad politicians, bad press, and bad economic situation. Moreover, Thanom's situation as leader was obviously untenable. Although Sarit was hospitalized, he was still supreme commander of all the armed forces and, as such, holder of the real power in the nation. There was always the possibility that he might not survive the operation in Washington. Therefore, Thanom not only had an unruly and heterogeneous political party with which to work, he also had to control a group of ambitious military leaders who were jockeying for position for the top job should their real boss leave them.

Thanom took up the task of ruling by proxy with courage but with no real confidence. The press and the opposition politicians picked at him constantly. His leftist cabinet minister made embarrassing statements counter to the government's policies. Some of the other ministers were accused of corruption. An attempt to earn revenue enough to balance the budget through a new tax law met with so much hostility from the public, the press, the opposition, and even Thanom's own party that he had to accept the humiliation of withdrawing the measure and rewriting it.

Hundreds of refugees poured into the capital from the drought areas of the northeast looking for work, and press and politicians demanded "immediate" assistance for the region, which was already getting it. Money was tight in the local market, and Chinese businessmen, who control a good deal of the country's trade, were showing a reluctance to reinvest until they could see exactly where the government was heading. Meanwhile they were dabbling in cheap goods from Communist China and in fields where they could make a quick turnover without much risk.

Thanom was in so much trouble by June, when a general debate was scheduled in the National Assembly, that Sarit cut short his convalescence in Florida and rushed back to save his government. His first act was to cancel the general debate. That was easy. But when he attempted to force the resignation of certain cabinet ministers whom Thanom had found incompatible, he met an irresistible force. He suffered a similar failure when he tried to get the Unionist Party to dissolve officially and become assimilated into the Chart Sankhom.

As a measure of the extent of his frustration, there was a revealing incident at that time. A rightist, anti-Communist, but violently anti-Sarit newspaper, *Issara*, carried on a running battle with Sarit, probing his private as well as his official life. One morning it challenged him to visit the paper, "if you are a man." The supreme commander of all the armed forces, accompanied by one aide, thereupon drove up to the *Issara* offices and in the absence of the editor gave the assistant editor a dressing down. He then drove to the office of the director general of police to file charges of criminal libel against the editor, having first promised to return to the newspaper offices at 2 P.M. He didn't return, but at 2 P.M. fifteen men, described later as wearing army fatigues, entered the *Issara* plant, held the editors at gun point, and wrecked the presses with sledge hammers.

Sarit denied any knowledge of the violence. The chief of police, although he never could find the fifteen men, said they weren't army men anyway. The editor went to court and published an apology. And Marshal Sarit again ordered his followers to preserve their unity and flew off August 14 to continue his convalescence in England.

A Bangkok Cincinnatus

Meanwhile it became evident that General Thanom was having trouble with some of his military colleagues as well as with the four

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bads. Chief among those mentioned was Lieutenant General Praphas Charusathien, an ambitious soldier who as minister of interior controlled the national police. The only public act that could be held against him was his sabotage of Thanom's efforts to write a treaty that would settle border problems with Cambodia. Praphas angrily whipped up a demonstration against Cambodian claims which developed into a riot and a two-hour pitched battle between demonstrators and Praphas's own police.

There was no further indication of any specific difficulties within the Military Group. But rumors and speculation went on, and one incident did seem to bear on the question of what was happening behind the scenes at Army Hall. Air Marshal Chalermkiart Watanangkul, commander in chief of the air force, who had long since resigned in disgust from his job as secretary general of the Chart Sankhom Party, flew off secretly for a visit with Sarit in England. However, all that resulted after his return was the expulsion of the Tass correspondent and a member of the Soviet embassy for "activities endangering the safety of the nation."

Shortly afterward, Chalermkiart left for England again just as secretly as before. When he returned on October 19, Sarit was with him. The next day Thanom, accompanied by Sarit, drove to Chitlada Palace to hand in his resignation. And that evening, in the drizzle, Field Marshal Sarit staged his revolution to avert a danger to "the national existence in the face of the ever-increasing tension both within and outside the country, especially the formidable Communist threat."

Pretexts and Proscriptions

It was surprising that the Communist threat should have been chosen as the principal object of the revolution. On the surface at least, it appeared that Thanom's fight against Communist infiltration into Thailand had been his most successful activity during his ten months of office.

When he took over, more than fifty per cent of the press was neutralist or followed closely the Communist Party line. Communists had penetrated deep into the ranks of labor, and Communist cadres were making a successful invasion of the universities and colleges. Two of the country's three press associations were leftist-dominated. And there were signs that Communist influence was being felt among an increasing number of citizens.

When Thanom resigned, less than fifty per cent of the press was pro-Communist, a conservative rebellion within the two major universities had been successful, and Communist influence among the people seemed to be on the wane. The morning after the "revolution," the police began a round-up of Communist suspects to give weight to the Revolutionary Party's announcement that they represented a "formidable" danger. None of those arrested

seemed formidable enough to justify the movement of the three armed forces and the police and the declaration of martial law.

Arrested along with the Communist suspects were a number of editors and writers, a few minor politicians, a couple of Chinese association leaders, a group of Vietnamese refugees suspected of leading the movement for Ho Chih Minh, some labor leaders, and some businessmen. Twelve newspapers and periodicals were shut down or had their presses sealed. And that was as far as the sensation went—at least for the moment.

It seemed fairly obvious that the "revolution" was not really directed against the Communist threat, although it offered the opportunity to clean up a large number of those who were active Communists or were receiving money and favors from them. Subsequent actions of the Revolutionary Party indicated that Sarit was after more urgent "obstacles to the economic and administrative progress of the nation," as he put it. He was sick of the National Assembly's interference with his government's attempts to govern, so he abolished it. He was sick of the politicians, both in the opposition and in his own party, so he abolished political parties. He was sick of unlicensed, irresponsible press attacks, so he cracked down on the press. He was sick of the constitution that permitted these to exist as they did —so he scrapped it.

HAVING WIPED the slate clean of everything but the king and the courts, Sarit then sat down to write his own constitution and organize things the way he wants them. With martial law in force, with the right of assembly withdrawn, with the press that still exists uncensored but afraid, and with his troops on the alert around the capital, the military is reorganizing every phase of life in the nation. A constituent assembly, which will act temporarily as a legislative assembly, will be appointed under an interim prime minister and cabinet. Its task will be to write the new constitution and to rewrite the "bad" laws.

The only inkling so far of what that constitution will call for was given in an announcement of intentions that said it would "embody economic principles to the greatest extent possible" in order to facilitate "short- and long-range economic projects, all of which will be of a permanent nature to ensure continuity of operation."

In other words, Thailand is to have a planned economy when the wheels of government are again set in motion. Whether the people will be permitted to continue the slow march toward democracy that was suspended last month is a question for the future. Marshal Sarit has intimated that it will.

"Some may say this seizure of power is a reactionary step," the leader of the Revolutionary Party told municipal officials shortly after the army coup. "We admit that it is. But our aim is to step back a pace in order to advance many more."

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2. And Then There Was One

THOMAS R. KENYON

THE NAME of Pakistan is as fanciful as the land—a word without historic roots for a country without a history. Someone contrived the word by stringing together the initials of the various Indian provinces encompassed in the Moslem politicians' dream of a Moslem state. The name is charged with ironies. One is that the letter "k" stands for Kashmir, which is still claimed and occupied by India. Another is the fact that none of the letters represents East Pakistan, the eastern portion of the old Indian province of Bengal, which not even the most ambitious Pakistani patriots had imagined would be given to them by the accidents of partition. Finally, there is the meaning of the composite word: "Land of Purity"—which Pakistan certainly is not.

In three brief weeks last month, Pakistanis witnessed the end of a constitution, cabinet government, the national assembly and two provincial assemblies, plans for national elections, political parties, the rule of law, and the reputation and power of a strong-man president; all these were replaced by martial law and a new dictator.

And Finally He Did

President Iskander Mirza, who is now in comfortable exile, used to drop broad hints to the political leaders of Pakistan that he held the army in the palm of his hand and that he would use it to send them packing if they got in his way too much. It was with the help of General Mohammed Ayub Khan that Mirza persuaded the Pakistani cabinet to back him for governor general in succession to the ailing Ghulam Mohammed back in 1955. In the following spring, still making no secret of his contempt for politics and his admiration for military order, Mirza was elected provisional president by the national assembly, to serve until national elections were held. Then in 1957 he broke up the ministry of H. S. Suhrawardy, which in retrospect seems to have been the last chance for a full political consensus, and began plotting with General Ayub to overthrow the constitution both were sworn to uphold.

A subtler man might have asked himself where he himself would end up once he had called in the army to take charge and given a man like Ayub a taste of power at the top level. But Mirza is not subtle, and on October 7, with Ayub's help, he did indeed send the politicians packing. On October 27 Ayub decided to send Mirza along with them. On the following morning the former provisional president and his begum were up at dawn to be loaded aboard a Bristol freighter—and each was permitted to take along one suitcase.

WHAT MANNER of man is Pakistan's new strong man? At fifty Ayub is a strapping, fairly handsome officer with British mannerisms even more pronounced than Mirza's to remind one that he too is a Sandhurst product. He impresses one as energetic, pompous, highly ambitious, and prone to oversimplify problems beyond his professional range and to wax choleric when reminded that an issue is more complex than the maxim with which he has sought to dismiss it.

In personal conversation he often refers to the army as the only clean thing in Pakistan. He probably does not mean to exclude the other two services from the tribute. In a literal sense the general's view of the matter approximates truth. The cantonments do have a swept look. The prodigious engines and guns of the mechanized artillery rumbling through the streets on commemorative parades do reflect a high standard of maintenance. The jets whoosh by in precision. At anchor in Karachi harbor, destroyers and minesweepers and the lone Pakistani cruiser—this last a testimony of the pride and folly of an impoverished nation—look spruce and seaworthy. Such prepossessing appearances of order and good repair stand out in this dilapidated country. Furthermore, below the surface lie some tradition and a degree of *esprit* and discipline. These are rare virtues in Pakistan. The ailments that have racked the body politic have largely spared the armed forces. The reasons are not mysterious.

For Self and Country

Pakistan is sprawling, diverse, divided. A hundred habits of tribalism, regionalism, and sheer petty ambition stand in the way of every impulse to unity. The army, in contrast, has a tight chain of command and is remarkably homogeneous. In make-up it does not reflect the nation, such as it is. East Pakistan, where the majority of Pakistanis live, is represented hardly at all. The same goes for large stretches of West Pakistan. In the eleven years since Pakistan was created out of what was left over from India on the subcontinent, a great deal has been said about making the army into a truly national force. This has not been easy to do. At present, youths with a potential for becoming officers are sought for preparatory training from both provinces on an equal basis, but the effect of this policy lies in the future, if Pakistan is to have one. The army is still preponderantly a Punjabi and Pathan army, with occasional Baluchis mixed in. The men come from regions that provided generations of service to nawabs, moguls, and the British raj. The regiments bear ancient names and devices—in a nation that has little to remember.

The army is a privileged group—especially, of course, the officers—standing apart, and more than a little patronizing about the improbable institutions that lie about it. It is a case of an army that has a nation rather than a nation that has an army. This undoubtedly makes for *esprit* within the army, but it leaves a wide gap between the army and the people.

The country flounders in poverty. Despite the promising statistics of aid programs, the economy remains stubbornly archaic. Pakistan is caught in a well-known dilemma: how to make progress without first relieving hunger, yet how to relieve

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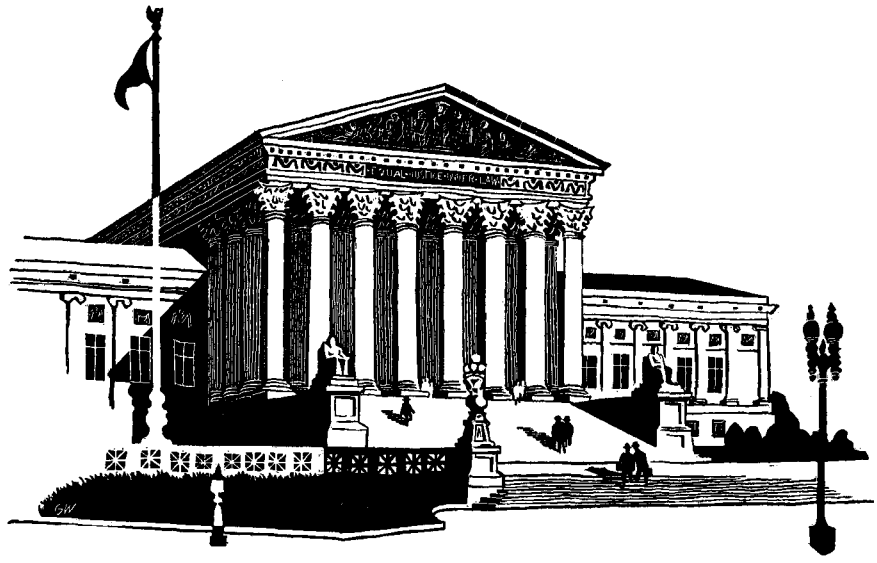
hunger without first making progress. The armed services have done better. They have a leonine bearing; they should—they get the lion's share. It amounts to two-thirds of the national budget, plus huge subventions—the totals are secret—for training and equipment from abroad. Pay and perquisites, however modest by American standards, are affluent by a Pakistani scale. Officers and men have neither the hungry look of the many nor the overfed look of the few. It is a good life, at least in comparison with most of the other paths that lie open.

The polish and proficiency of the army usually impress high-placed official foreign visitors on their brief stopovers. They see the smartness of the honor guard at the airport, the tartan-clad regimental pipers and drummers entertaining after dinner with intricate marches on the palace lawns. It is difficult not to multiply all this in imagination and come to a deceptively reassuring conclusion about the strength of an ally.

But, as General Ayub has discovered already, it is much easier to smarten up a bivouac area than it is to straighten out a nation. It has been all too easy to ascribe the army's obvious superiorities to some inherent virtue and from this to dream of a miracle: to have the army take over, transmit its virtues all around, and set things aright in the "Land of Purity." The poor and the privileged, beggars and brigadiers, have shared this dream.

TESTED AGAINST REALITY, the dream has brought a rude awakening to Iskander Mirza, who has at least come to realize that there isn't room for two men on horseback in a one-horse country. And there will certainly be some surprises for the new president, prime minister, and supreme commander. Ayub, who has assumed all these titles, is already discovering that it takes more than the bluntness of an old soldier to make a nation out of what has so far amounted to no more than a geographical expression. Instead of imparting its precision and *esprit* to the state, the army may find itself overwhelmed by the dilemmas of politics.



The Supreme Court Survives a Barrage

REPRESENTATIVE EMANUEL CELLER

THE EIGHTY-FIFTH CONGRESS came to an end on August 24. Its members had been subjected daily to indignant condemnations of the Supreme Court, ranging from the subtle accusation that it encroached on their legislative function to charges that if the court was not in fact a nest of Reds, it was at the very least unwittingly doing the work of the Communists in undermining the foundations of the Republic.

The most persistent exponents of this position were from the South. Their hostility had been provoked by the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision, then heightened by a series of decisions that followed in rapid succession. These invalidated state statutes providing criminal penalties for sedition against the United States; gave defendants access to government files for purposes of cross-examination; held that Congress had not authorized the Secretary of State to deny passports on the basis of beliefs and associations; reversed a conviction on the ground that the confession upon which the government's case was based had been obtained during a period of unnecessary delay before arraignment; and threw out a conviction for contempt of Congress on the ground that the pertinency of the questions had not been established.

I believe that each of these decisions was fully warranted and necessary to preserve individual liberties from infringements by the government, but many in Congress believe they go too far. To the extremists, they proved that the Federal courts and the Supreme Court in particular were incapable of rendering "right" decisions in certain areas, and these members introduced bills that granted exclusive jurisdiction to the states in any matter relating to health, morals, education, and marriage.

The Attacks That Failed

Those who would "put the court in its place" peppered Congress with innumerable bills reversing specific decisions and nearly succeeded in passing two anti-court-in-general measures—the Smith-McClellan bill and the Jenner bill.

The first was introduced in the House by Howard W. Smith of Virginia, and its counterpart in the Senate was sponsored by John L.

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McClellan of Arkansas. This bill would have forbidden the courts to invalidate a state law on grounds of Federal pre-emption unless Congress had explicitly expressed legislative intent or unless the courts found that the state law and Federal statutes were in "direct and positive conflict . . . so that the two cannot be reconciled or consistently stand together." Directed at the Nelson case, which held that the Federal law pre-empted the field of internal security to the exclusion of state statutes, the Smith-McClellan bill went far beyond that particular field and would have thrown into confusion legal relationships in the entire realm of concurrent powers. Transportation, communications, labor relations, civil rights, and criminal law would have been caught in a legal no man's land for years to come. All this because the highest court in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the Supreme Court on appeal, had concluded that the Federal law provided a comprehensive plan for the control and punishment of subversive activities directed against the Federal government and that action by the states would only interfere with a matter most effectively handled by a single national law-enforcement agency.

Nevertheless, proponents of the bill in the House were strong enough to force committee action and to put the bill, together with an amendment reversing the Nelson case, through the House by a vote of 240-155. In the Senate they failed by one vote.

THE JENNER BILL was probably the most serious attack on an independent judiciary. As introduced, it would have removed from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court any case challenging the validity of the following:

¶ Congressional investigations and contempts of Congress.

¶ Executive action by the Federal government relating to the removal of employees on security grounds.

¶ State statutes or executive regulations dealing with subversive activities within the state.

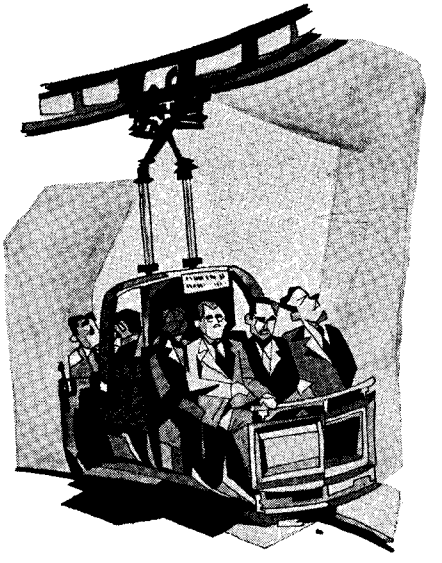
¶ Local school regulations concerning subversive activities within a teaching body.

¶ State requirements for admission to the bar, or any action taken thereunder.

It was somewhat more than sheer coincidence that these were precisely the issues decided in the recent decisions of the Supreme Court.

Even if the Jenner proposal was constitutional, and there are serious doubts about that, it was totally undesirable. This bill would have Balkanized the American judicial system because, while depriving the Supreme Court of appellate jurisdiction in certain classes of cases, it did not affect the jurisdiction in these matters of the Federal district courts, the eleven United States Courts of Appeals, and the forty-eight state supreme courts. Thus, even if all judicial means were exhausted, there could still be numerous conflicting decisions in cases falling within the purview of the Jenner bill. Without a single common reviewing authority, the constitutional rights of an American in Denver might well be different from those of an American in Detroit, Boston, or San Francisco.

Furthermore, the effect of removing jurisdiction from a court each time it hands down a decision that



is unpopular with a majority in Congress is to create an environment of intimidation in which an independent judiciary cannot function. Again, this bill, along with a somewhat ameliorating amendment of Senator John M. Butler of Maryland, was defeated in the Senate.

Concerning the attacks on specific decisions of the Supreme Court, let me first say that I think it perfectly proper for Congress and the country to question and criticize decisions of the courts. This is far different from the anarchistic doctrine of "massive resistance" and the obstructionism that have been used to frustrate the school desegregation decision. Such activities are no less than an attack on the very existence of a government of law. In some cases it is entirely desirable for Congress to change the law after a particular decision in order to ensure future decisions more consistent with the purpose of the law or with current policy. Like every other legislative question, this should be decided on the merits of the particular proposal and not in a spirit of reprisal.

The Right to Travel

A striking example of that spirit was the uproar over the decision in *Mallory* v. *United States*. In the Mallory case, the Supreme Court, applying the fourteen-year-old McNabb rule, threw out a confession obtained during a delay prior to arraignment. Under this rule, 5(a) of the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure, the police must bring an arrested person before a committing magistrate who will inform him of his right to remain silent, to retain and consult with counsel, to have a preliminary examination, and to be admitted to bail. If these rights are to have any real meaning, the arrested person must be made aware of them quickly and unequivocally. Therefore, Rule 5(a) requires that he be brought before a magistrate "without unnecessary delay." In order to strengthen the rule, the Supreme Court decided in the 1943 McNabb case that confessions obtained during a period of illegal detention would not be admissible as evidence. The Mallory case was merely an application of this principle.

The furor over the decision resulted in a number of bills. One bill that would have made confessions obtained during periods of detention admissible, no matter how prolonged and how unnecessary to the arraignment process, passed the House 294-79. In the Senate the bill was amended to allow "reasonable" delay. A conference followed in which Senator John Carroll (D., Colorado) and I fought a hard but not entirely successful battle against any provisions that would have

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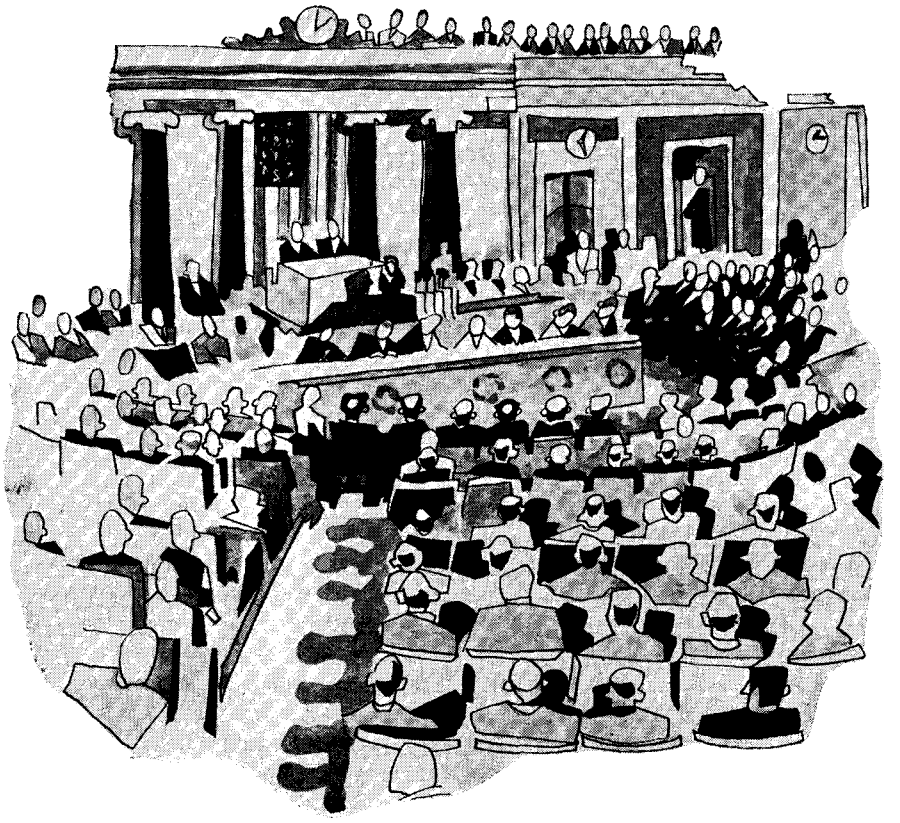
thrown into uncertainty the Supreme Court's enforcement of Rule 5(a). I am glad to say that the conference report, without our signatures, failed to pass the Senate on a point of order raised in the closing hours of Congress.

Another decision of the Supreme Court which came under attack was that in *Kent* v. *Dulles*, which held that Congress had not authorized the Secretary of State to deny passports on the grounds of beliefs and associations. The court went on to point out that the right to travel was a constitutional right and could not be impaired without due process of law.

This was a signal for the introduction of a number of bills authorizing the Secretary of State to deny a passport if he considered that granting it might be harmful to United States security. Additional impetus was provided by a message from the President imploring immediate Congressional action. This, after the much-advertised "People-to-People" program and the President's 1955 statement in Geneva calling upon the nations of the world to lower travel barriers. Such a bill came to the floor backed by a large majority of the Foreign Affairs Committee. It passed the House but was not acted upon in the Senate.

The Issues Were Raised

Only one of the court-curbing bills became law. This was the bill which grew out of the decision in *Jencks* v. *United States*. In that case, the appellant was a labor-union official who had been convicted of filing an affidavit with the National Labor Relations Board stating falsely that he was not a member of the Communist Party or affiliated with it. During his trial he had asked the government to produce the reports of two undercover agents of the FBI for the purpose of impeaching their oral testimony at his trial. The Supreme Court held that the government must either produce its relevant material or forgo criminal prosecution. The court further held that the defendant, not the trial judge, should be the first to determine what material is necessary to the defense, and only after the defense tries to introduce the matter can the trial judge rule on the questions of materiality and relevancy. The basis for



this decision was the importance, well known to every trial judge and trial lawyer, of comparing a witness's testimony at a trial with his earlier statements about the same events.

The government protested that if the defense were allowed to determine relevancy, the FBI files would be ransacked and security violated. A great cry went up—"Save the FBI files!" Again, only a small minority in Congress spoke of saving the rights of an individual facing the powers of the state.

The bill that emerged shows that these few words of caution had some effect. As the bill was enacted, the government must produce the material that is relevant to the impeachment of government witnesses, but the question of what material is relevant is to be decided by the judge at the outset.

THE PASSAGE of this lone watered-down piece of legislation suggests one reason why the rest of the court-curbing program failed. Given the intensity of feeling, the number and scope of the bills proposed, the widespread support, and the favorable action in the lower House, this campaign seemed assured of success.

In large measure it failed, I think, because an articulate minority in both Houses raised substantial questions, both in the committees and on the floor. Were not these bills attacks on the principle of an independent judiciary? Were not most of the Supreme Court's decisions under attack necessary and desirable? Would not a reversal of several of these decisions result in raising serious constitutional questions? The burden of answering these basic questions posed by the minority cracked the solid wall of assumptions surrounding the court-curbing proposals.

The arguments of the minority were not alone responsible for defeating the court-curbing bills. Congressional concern with the economic recession and defense matters, as well as the late introduction of some of these bills, also played a substantial part in their defeat. But the minority, in performing the true function of a minority, was most effective. By raising the issues articulately and persistently, it gained time for a cooler and more deliberate consideration of these problems. Moreover, this gift of time has even greater significance because that liberal minority will be greatly strengthened in the Eighty-sixth Congress.

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Pasternak: 'We Are The Guests of Existence'

NILS ÅKE NILSSON

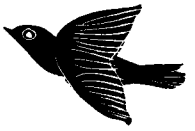
DURING the hours I sat with Boris Pasternak—this was shortly before he was awarded the Nobel Prize—he spoke incessantly without a sign of tiring. Every now and then after a short pause he would go back to something he had said earlier and rephrase his ideas more precisely. Actually, it was less a conversation than a soliloquy. We sat in the "music room" of his house in the village of Peredelkino. The small room was practically filled with a grand piano. He said that music had been his earliest preoccupation. Drawings and sketches by his father, the famous illustrator of Tolstoy's novels, line the walls. The dining-room walls also are covered with his father's works. The two-story house has many rooms, which are simply and somewhat impersonally furnished in the usual Soviet style. Pasternak has a television set.

He spoke with complete openness about the conditions in which Russian writers find themselves. "I have never made a secret of my position," he said, then suddenly checked himself as if he had just remembered that someone was listening. "Excuse me if I have offended you. Are you possibly a Communist?"

He regards *Doctor Zhivago* as the consummation of his life and of his writings. What he wrote before no longer interests him very much. He asked me my opinion of *Doctor Zhivago* but interrupted me immediately.

"Since you have read my poems, I can understand it if you feel bewildered, perhaps disappointed. Some of my colleagues have reacted that way. In official circles, that's given as a reason why my novel hasn't been published here—they say it is a poor novel and its publication would 'damage' my reputation as a poet. Of course, that's only an excuse. A writer must be allowed to loosen up. He must be allowed to live and develop. I don't want to become a slave to my own name!"

He said that the novel had been built around its lyrical passages and that it had been difficult for him to join them in narrative sequence. In its complete form, the book represents



hardly a quarter of all that he wrote. The novel did not evolve all at once, and this to some extent may have influenced its composition. He started on it shortly after the war, but during the period when Zhdanov was in charge of all cultural matters in the Soviet Union, the book was laid aside. During those years parts of the work circulated among his colleagues. Sometimes when an author was arrested, copies of such sections would be discovered among his papers. It was known who had written them, but nothing was done about it. No, he wasn't interfered with. "There were other ways." He would like to write another novel. It would be quite different—brighter, more relaxed.

Is *Doctor Zhivago* based on Pasternak's own experiences? As with all novels, the answer is yes and no. Concerning Larissa, the chief feminine character in the book, Pasternak said, "Yes, she exists in reality. She was a woman who was very close to me." Although Pasternak had been thinking of writing a big novel ever since he first started to write, it was some time toward the end of the 1930's that the character of Dr. Zhivago began to appear and take shape. During the purge years many of his friends were arrested and disappeared. "On one occasion they came to me with something they wanted me to sign. It was to the effect that I approved of the party's executing the generals. In a sense, this was a proof of their confidence in me. They didn't go to those who were on the list for liquidation. My wife was pregnant. She cried and begged me to sign, but I couldn't. That day I examined the pros and cons of my own survival. I was convinced that I would be arrested—my turn had come. I was prepared for it. I abhorred all this blood and I couldn't stand it any longer. But nothing happened. I was told later that my colleagues had saved me—at least indirectly. Quite simply, no one dared to report to the hierarchy that I hadn't signed.

"Actually, the demands of the hierarchy are very slight," Pasternak went on, choosing his words slowly. "There is only one thing they really want. You should hate what you like and love what you abhor. But this—this is the most difficult of all." He repeated to himself, "This is the most difficult of all." I recognized it as a quotation from *Doctor Zhivago*.

For Pasternak the war was a kind of a liberation, an awakening from an evil dream to reality. He took part in air-raid precautions. For the first time in many years he published a couple of small collections of poetry. He was invited to take an active part in the work of the Writers' Union. He had great hopes about the results of the war. "A war," he said to me, "is no game of chess; it doesn't merely end in the victory of white over black. Other things must come out of it. So many sacrifices cannot result in nothing."

Doctor Zhivago ends optimistically. How did Pasternak justify this optimism? "I believe," he said, "that since the war Russia has entered a period of integration. Something new comes forth, a new view of life, a sense among humanity of its own value." Was he still optimistic? The answer was yes. Isolated official measures are of no importance. The new Russia comes forth anyway, in defiance of all administrative inter-

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ference. Something grows among the people, organically.

"On the whole, in our age," said Pasternak, "people are moving toward a new attitude toward life. Let me point out one thing. During the nineteenth century it was the bourgeoisie that ruled. Our own literature tells you about this. Mankind sought security in money, land, and things. Man's dream of security was heaviness and stability. Today mankind has realized that there is no security in property. This applies not only to Russians. In this era of world wars, in this atomic age, the values have changed. We have learned that we are the guests of existence, travelers between two stations. We must discover security within ourselves. During our short span of life we must find our own insights into our relationship with the existence in which we participate so briefly. Otherwise, we cannot live! This means, as I see it, a departure from the materialistic view of the nineteenth century. It means a reawakening of the spiritual world, of our inner life—of religion. I don't mean religion as a dogma or as a church, but as a vital feeling. Do you understand what I mean?"

WE WENT OUT into the garden, which was pleasantly overgrown with fruit trees, birch, flower beds, and potato patches. During Pasternak's long monologue about his life and his art, I almost felt as if I were rereading the novel and seeing it now in a clearer light. Pasternak was obviously one man who had worked his way forward to a secure position of insight and clarity about himself and his own relationship with existence. The road to this goal had been his novel. He has attained a security and an inner harmony that express themselves in his whole manner. To a large degree this explains his critical view of his own earlier works. His style has become clearer, more simple. Keys are no longer needed to decipher it. And yet the connection between his earlier and his later writings is obvious. His first collection of poetry was called *My Sister, Life,* and the name "Zhivago" was apparently derived from the Russian word for "life." Life—that is the core of his work, now as before.

THEATER: Legends, Poets, and Pogo Poole

MARYA MANNES

SOMETIMES a certain kind of ignorance frees the mind, whereas knowledge, by predisposing it, impedes rather than sharpens perception. Possibly because I had not read *Family Reunion* for nearly twenty years, possibly because the legend of Orestes and the Eumenides, vivid as it was in my school years, has not been refreshed since then, I found the Phoenix Theatre's production of T. S. Eliot's modern version enthralling and satisfying while more scholarly critics complained of its obscurity, its want of humanity, and its transparent intellectualism.

I do not suppose this story of a young man who has pushed his wife overboard and returns to the bosom of his country family possessed by Furies (to which all but one of his relatives are blind) is very credible, or that any young man so possessed would speak as he does either in verse or prose. But if I did not believe him, I believed his urgency and his need for redemption, and I believed his family implicitly, from the desperate dragon-mother to the obtuse and troubled uncles and the two maiden aunts, the one so confused, the other so sure. This belief, which is the poet's triumph, was undoubtedly strengthened by some of the finest performances that our theater has seen in many years. Under Stuart Vaughan's imaginative direction, Florence Reed, Fritz Weaver, and Lillian Gish lead a cast of which each member has mastery of character, diction, voice, and above all that sense of mystery which lies in overtones of feeling. If you do not understand every meaning, you understand the larger design. You are, moreover, conscious throughout of a mind at work: the restless, probing, exalted mind of a poet; and if this confrontation with an artist is not the stuff of great theater, I do not know what is.

Eliot's *Family Reunion* is the first of six plays by Nobel Prize winners to be produced by T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton at the Phoenix Theatre and acted by a repertory nucleus of superb actors. It will be followed by Shaw's *Arms and the Man,* Pirandello's *As You Desire Me,* Camus's *Les Justes,* and two more plays to be chosen from the works of O'Neill, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, or Yeats. Since Broadway feeds the appetite for naturalism most generously, both Houghton and Hambleton intend to nourish their audience with more imaginative and demanding forms, with the beauty of the spoken word, and with the kind of artistic unity which only a repertory company can give. Whether this audience exists in large enough numbers to support their season remains to be seen. Repertory has had hard going in the brutal economics of today's theater, and it may well be that the $300,000 the Phoenix needs to sustain it may not be raised. Foundations are slow to support such ventures, no matter how rewarding, and the lords of television have so far been unmoved by the thought that for the price of a one-hour spectacular they could have access to a season of live dramas, superlatively performed, that would in one bound lift their programming into areas of vital artistic and educational importance. With characteristic denigration of viewers, they maintain that no large audience would stay tuned to Pirandello or Camus. They may be right, but would it not be worth $300,000 to find out? And worth a million if they found they were wrong?

NOT FAR from the Phoenix, another group—the Gate Theatre—performed its off-Broadway function of challenging the mind when it produced *Héloïse,* the work of an English writer named James Forsyth. What eloquence he commands is literary rather than dramatic, and the actors cannot measure up either

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to his needs, which are considerable, or to Phoenix standards; but there were passages in this translation of an old legend that shone with ardor and purity. Here again, ignorance furthered appreciation. Had I been familiar with the various versions of the story of Abélard and Héloïse that have been written since the monk and his beloved suffered their double passions for truth and each other, I might have found Mr. Forsyth's play less promising, less valuable—within very obvious limitations—than I did. There were indeed dull patches that made the wooden seats harder still, and the occasional presence of a self-conscious poetic flourish that you find in young writers in love with their subject. But I was grateful in the end that it had been written and produced, for ardor and purity deserve expression in a theater where commerce gives them little room.

I AM GRATEFUL for quite different reasons that the comedy of manners, absent for so long, has again been found good commerce. Broadway is full of plays that are funny only when the lines are funny. *Once More with Feeling* is studded with gags about musicians. *Marriage-Go-Round* is studded with gags about sex, marital and extramarital, but Samuel Taylor's *The Pleasure of His Company* is funny because its basic situation is funny and because this situation is the natural product of human behavior. A woman like Cornelia Otis Skinner might well be cosily wed to a kind, reliable fellow and living in a fine house in San Francisco, adding weight and charitable deeds as her youth recedes. She might well have a father like Charlie Ruggles, a writer-philosopher mercifully neither homespun nor housebroken. She might well have been married in earlier days to an international playboy called Pogo Poole. And it is not at all improbable that this shameless charmer might turn up at her doorstep unannounced to attend the marriage of their daughter, fall paternally in love with his child, wreck the peace of the household, and ultimately bear her off to Europe for a year's whirl. Absence and frivolity most certainly lend enchantment to fathers in the eyes of their daughters even if they fail to impress the women who have suffered them as husbands; and if they are Cyril Ritchard, who can resist?

Here, in any case, is a stageful of delightful people acting and reacting as they would, and should. Neither Cornelia Otis Skinner nor Samuel Taylor has permitted them to be solemn or tedious or sentimental about anything, and if the drawing room is their world, it is a fine place to live for a night.

Perhaps I can give an idea of the difference between Mr. Taylor's kind of comedy and the gag writer's kind by describing a brief passage in which Pogo's beguiling daughter tells her new-found father about her fiancé. With breathy admiration she says that he breeds prize bulls and sends their semen all around the world. Gravely and tenderly, Pogo says, "You must be very proud of him."

MOVIES: Jacques Tati And the Tyranny of Things

GERALD WEALES

JACQUES TATI'S Mr. Hulot is back on the screen in *My Uncle*. Although Tati is more ambitious in his use of Mr. Hulot in the new film, the character that he plays is essentially the same warm and enthusiastic fumbler whose vacation at the beach provided the excuse for the long string of visual gags—held together only by laughter—that constituted *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*. Hulot's most characteristic stance comes in those moments between comic catastrophes when he pulls to an alert halt and leans forward expectantly; his long body, bent slightly at the hips, momentarily rigid as he gives his complete attention to a question or a situation, is like an almost open jackknife about to be picked up in some giant game of mumblety-peg. The moment of stillness gives way inevitably to a burst of energy—often misdirected—that sends Hulot scurrying in any number of directions, each change calling for a full, flamboyant turn that hints of mock military about-face.

In the way that he stands and moves, in the way that he approaches people (fully, fondly) and objects (cautiously), Tati allows his body to tell the viewer much about the personality of Mr. Hulot. Here is a man who is friendly, almost courtly, endlessly willing to be of service, but with a command of the mechanical and the inanimate that is so grandly ineffectual that there is no comparison for Hulot this side of Buster Keaton.

Those admirers of Tati who swear by *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* may be slightly disappointed to find that the atmosphere of uncontrolled zaniness that hovered over the earlier picture has given way in *My Uncle* to a more pointed comedy. The new film, like the old one, depends for most of its effects on visual material and on the exaggeration of sounds (the crinkle of the money in the night-club scene in *My Uncle* is as telling as the invisible bouncing Ping-pong ball in *Holiday* is funny), but the new film is not as consistently broad in its humor. Still, there are enough sequences in it to remind the audience that it is a product of the same comic imagination that concocted *Holiday*. There is, for instance, the machine in the hose factory which, under Hulot's hand, begins to turn out long links of rubber sausages; there is, too, a fantastic tea party that leads the guests finally to a small dry patch at the center of the garden where, burdened with table, chairs, drinks, they rotate to the right and then to the left in an ordered confusion that suggests nothing so much as the famous stateroom scene in *A Night at the Opera*.

There are those, too, who may be sorry to find that Hulot is not at the center of the new film. He is the titular uncle, but the nephew's family and the fabulous modern house

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in which they live share the limelight with him. There was a suggestion in the earlier film that it was to be not about one man but about a group of guests at a beach hotel; yet the method of the movie—the stringing together of sight jokes—inevitably pushed Tati out front. In *My Uncle* he has become part of an ensemble, and Tati as comic actor has stepped back so that the talents of Tati as director and author (co-author: Jacques Legrange) become more apparent.

The Way the Pitcher Bounces

My Uncle is much more than simply a funny picture. It is a comedy that has serious things to say about the mechanization and sterilization of society. Mr. Hulot, who is at a loss in the world of business and industry and whose only talent is for treating human beings as though they were human beings, is used as a foil for the Arpels, who have achieved that degree of conventional success which allows them to have the "perfect" suburban home. The picture, which does not have a plot in the ordinary movie sense, is about the consistently unsuccessful attempt of the Arpels to turn Hulot into their kind of person and about Mr. Arpel's jealousy of the affection his son feels for the worthless uncle.

The contrast of the two worlds is apparent not only in the difference between Arpel and Hulot but in the difference in their homes and their ways of using them. Hulot lives in a magnificently complicated old house, full of passageways, balconies, stairways. We never see inside, but the shot that shows him climbing to his room on the roof, with his head appearing in one window, his feet in another, tells all that needs to be told of the individuality of the house and its tenants. The quality that the house implies extends to the quarter in which Hulot lives—the busy streets, the convivial café, the vegetable seller, the cruller maker who fastidiously wipes his hand on his filthy apron before he jellies and sugars each cake.

The Arpels, in striking contrast, live in a house that is the embodiment of impersonality. The garden, crisscrossed with walks and stepping stones, is a geometric pattern in which the little grass that is allowed to grow seems almost an indecent intrusion. The house itself is an embodiment of all the clichés of modernism, pushed for the sake of satire beyond reality (at least I hope so). The rooms are as clean and white as a clinic; the furniture—practically nonexistent—has been chosen for the pattern it makes against the walls and not for comfort (Hulot manages to sleep on the couch only by turning it on its side); the kitchen is a complexity of buttons and lights in which the art of cooking has been reduced to automation and in which the most important utensil is the sterilizer. The life in the house is as automatic as its setting. Dinner is served at a particular table at a prescribed time and, a few steps away, a second table waits for the Arpels to have their coffee. The fastidious correctness of the house is underlined by the efficient Craig's-wifery of Mrs. Arpel, who applies a spotless dust rag diligently, an activity that reaches its highest point when the workers come to put in an automatic garage door and Mrs. Arpel follows them, dusting, as they carry it in for installation.

TATI's sharpest comment on the Arpel house (and one of the funniest scenes in the picture) comes when Hulot discovers a weird, round-bottomed plastic pitcher which he accidentally drops. It bounces back into his hand. Experimentally, he drops the glass in his other hand, only to have it shatter. Bemused, he glances down at the debris and then shrugs, still unable to accept the evidence that something in the house might be as genuine as a glass really made of glass.

The Arpel house is the chief satirical butt of Tati's film, but the facelessness that it represents is extended far beyond the automatic gate that leads to the anemic garden. Mr. Arpel's factory (he is in plastics, of course) presents the same sterile, orderly, impeccable façade; his secretary hurries along the corridors, taking tiny high-heeled steps, until her movement becomes as mechanical as the machines around her. The school, the plane terminal, even the night club appear to be stamped out by the same machine that produced the house and the factory. In such surroundings relaxation is impossible. Human error is unthinkable. The reduction of men to automatons is shown most effectively in the repeated use of arrows pushing people in a necessary direction and in the hypnotic white line that rolls along the road as though it were pulling Arpel's car to a destination about which he has no decision.

Missionary of Hulotism

A picture that makes its comic points with the visual effectiveness of *My Uncle* really needs nothing outside itself to strengthen its arguments. If some evidence were needed, however, to prove that Tati finds in Hulot's endearing awkwardness the real strength of human beings in a world that seems to be in search of ciphers, the director-actor can offer it himself. Tati has recently been in New York City, ostensibly publicizing the picture, actually preaching the doctrine of Hulotism.

On the afternoon that I saw him at his hotel, he seemed at first not quite what I expected. I do not mean simply that he does not move the way Hulot does or that he is heavier than he looks on the screen. These differences are understandable. He was tired and a little dispirited, which, since Hulot never gets tired and is never dispirited, I had not expected.

There was cause, naturally. Tati had just been having his own struggles with that most mechanical of modern activities, the American publicity circuit; he had been on late night shows and early morning shows; he had been dragged all over New York so that *Life* photographers could get a record of an unreal visit to a fascinating city. As he talked about his movie, however, and about what it means to him, the fatigue dropped away, the spirit returned, and he got up from the couch on which he had settled and began to pace around the room. Where his good but uncertain English failed him, he moved naturally into mimicry, and within a few minutes his hotel sitting room was peopled with crowds caught up in situations that helped to illustrate the points that he wanted to make. With a few words—"Ten minutes, M. Tati, ten minutes, M. Tati"—and a pompous little strut, half bounce and half mince, he created a paragon of tele-

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vision-studio efficiency and exorcised the ghost that had been hanging over him.

During my talk with him, Tati stated directly the criticism of contemporary standards of success and correctness that his film makes dramatically. The standardization that has caused the eruption of plastic seats, chromium decorations, and glaring neon in our stores and restaurants is in operation in Paris and elsewhere in Europe. The phenomenon offends Tati's sense of the unique and the personal. "The restaurants are like hospitals," he said. "They are clean, of course, but, myself, I am not hungry in hospitals." He went on to describe the shopping trips he used to make with his grandmother, a description that became a performance in which he was his grandmother, his own childhood self, the shopkeepers—and in which he evoked the feel and the smell of the individual shops. Now, he made clear, the shoe store and the butcher shop look alike, the smells are gone, part of the sensual pleasure of shopping has disappeared.

TATI *is not pessimistic about the* struggle between man and his belongings. *My Uncle* ends with Arpel's son taking his father's hand because the father has let himself be caught in a human accident that suggests the flesh-and-blood Hulot and not the prefabricated Arpel. It is in the eccentricities, the oddities, the quirks of the individual that Tati's hope rests. The Arpels, the picture implies, will come to live *in* a house, not for it. It is for this reason that Tati has not built his new picture around himself alone, that he has allowed Hulot to become one in a group of characters of equal importance to the film. The old concept of the funny man—the idea that there is a very special clown to whom things happen—has become obsolete for Tati. There is a little Hulot in all of us, he now insists, and the vitality of that bubble of eccentricity makes all of us comic—makes all of us human and certain adversaries of the formal garden, the nonfunctional functional furniture, and the automatic button. With *My Uncle,* Tati has found a point of union between his ideas about society and about comedy.

RECORDS: A Patriotic Eleventh

ROLAND GELATT

IT WAS Leopold Stokowski who introduced Shostakovich's First Symphony to this country in November, 1928, and who subsequently bullied RCA Victor into allowing that work to be recorded at a time when recordings of any music, let alone contemporary Russian music, were almost impossible to sell. Today, three decades later, composer and conductor are still closely associated. Earlier this year Stokowski and the Houston Symphony gave the first American performance of Shostakovich's newest symphony, the Eleventh. Their recording of it has now been released (Capitol PBR 8448).

In the thirty years separating the two premières, Shostakovich has traveled a long distance, and en route he has lost a good many of his early admirers. As Shostakovich has matured, his work has grown less sophisticated in form and less subtle in content. The First Symphony, composed in 1925 when he was nineteen, is jaunty, cocksure, impudent music abundantly endowed with tart, wry melodies and orchestrated with a high measure of skill and wit. Many musicians in the 1920's were composing in a similar vein (Hindemith, Poulenc, and Walton, to name three), but the young Shostakovich carried it off rather better than most of his contemporaries. The First Symphony has survived its time and remains a fixture in the orchestral repertory. It has been recorded often since Stokowski's pioneer effort. The latest version, ably performed by Efrem Kurtz and the Philharmonic Orchestra and stunningly recorded (EMI-Capitol G 7118), can be unreservedly recommended.

Shostakovich's Eleventh Symphony is almost everything that the First Symphony isn't. It is prolix (the work occupies four LP sides) rather than pithy. It is a "dramatic symphony," with programmatic titles to each movement in the manner of Berlioz and Liszt—gone are the youthful anti-romantic overtones. It is portentous where the earlier work was sardonic; its composer, now middle-aged, clearly takes an earnest view both of himself and his symphony's theme (the abortive St. Petersburg uprising of 1905). Listeners who hope to detect in the Eleventh Symphony even faint echoes of the brash young man who composed the First will be disappointed. It is a different Shostakovich who speaks to us today. There remains, however, genius in his music; long-winded though it may be, it can still hold an audience.

Shostakovich is at his best in the new symphony when he does not raise his voice. The long, quiet opening movement is a first-rate piece of scene painting, evoking the hushed and ominous stillness of St. Petersburg's Palace Square as dawn breaks on a frosty January morning. Equally good is the tranquil third movement, entitled "Eternal Memory," where Shostakovich revels in his ability to sustain a long, dolorous melody over a slow-gaited ostinato or brooding pedal point. The effect is particularly compelling in the stereophonic version of Stokowski's performance.

IT IS WELL KNOWN that Dmitri Shostakovich has occasionally run afoul of the Soviet Union's official arbiters of aesthetic dogma. Western critics who dislike the turn his music has taken are wont to ascribe his changed musical personality directly to the baleful influence of doctrinaire commissars. But surely it is reasonable to assume that Shostakovich's evolution must have come from within as well as from without. No one should have expected him, an obviously sensitive artist, to remain immune to the changes of atmosphere and mood through which he has lived.

The tone of Shostakovich's Eleventh, indeed, is not far different from the tone of the Soviet Pavilion at Brussels—solemn, gigantic, naïvely boastful, interested in powerful effects. For us in the West, these are not especially beguiling characteristics; but it does not follow that they must necessarily make for bad music.

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The Flight From Aunt Sally

NORMAN PODHORETZ

THE TERRITORY AHEAD, by Wright Morris. *Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.*

Like America itself, the serious American novel has always been regarded as a "problem," a subject calling for theories and definitions and solutions, a phenomenon to be explained and accounted for, defended or attacked, but never to be taken for granted. Partly this was the doing of the novelists themselves, who from the beginning habitually complained that "the texture of American life" was lacking in "a complexity of manners and types, to form a fund of suggestion for a novelist." The words are Henry James's, in a famous passage of his biography of Hawthorne, where he goes on to compile a long list of all the things missing in America that had traditionally supplied European fiction with a field for observing human nature in action:

"No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors, nor old country-houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals, nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great Universities nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot!

Being an expatriate, James was perhaps open to suspicion in his estimate of the situation, but the same sentiments were voiced earlier by Hawthorne himself, as well as by Fenimore Cooper, neither of them great lovers of Europe. Cooper's lament over "the poverty of materials" in America is less well known than James's passionate catalogue, but it is no less definite in its testimony:

"There is scarcely an ore which contributes to the wealth of the author, that is found, here, in veins as rich as in Europe. There are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offenses against decorum for the moralist; nor any of the rich artificial auxiliaries of poetry. The weakest hand can extract a spark from the flint, but it would baffle the strength of a giant to attempt kindling a flame with a pudding-stone. I very well know there are theorists who assume that the society and institutions of this country are, or ought to be, particularly favorable to novelties and variety. But the experience of one month, in these States, is sufficient to show any observant man the falsity of their position. . . . I have never seen a nation so much alike in my life, as the people of the United States, and what is more, they are not only like each other, but they are remarkably like that which common sense tells them they ought to resemble. . . . [This is] a state of society that has a wonderful tendency not only to repress passion but to equalize humors. . . ."

Cooper's own career supplies a paradigm of what was to be the main drift of American fiction up to our own day. After failing in his attempt to write a novel of manners on the model of Jane Austen, he gradually developed in the Leatherstocking tales a hybrid genre that substituted melodrama, allegory, pastoral idyl, and abstract characterizations—qualities indigenous to what literary historians call "Romance"—for the lifelike presentation of character and story that has always been the distinguishing mark of the European novel. All the best American novelists were to repeat this process of moving away from realism toward romance, thereby leaving students of the novel with a nagging problem on *their* hands.

The latest effort to grapple with the problem of the serious American novel is Wright Morris's little book *The Territory Ahead*. Mr. Morris—to put it charitably—is an unskilled writer of discursive prose, and trying to get hold of his argument is like trying to recount a particularly vague dream. So far as I can make out, he seems to think—as against Cooper, Hawthorne, and Henry James—that it was not a paucity but a superabundance of materials that oppressed the American imagination throughout the nineteenth century. Life on this "vast brooding continent" was too new, too bewildering, too unprecedented to cope with, and the only possibility for literature was to take to the woods (as Thoreau did) or to the open road (Whitman) or to the high seas (Melville). In every case, the writer was "lighting out for the Territory," where, like Huck Finn, he would be safe from the long reach of Aunt Sally and where "truth" and "reality" lay waiting in all their original, uncorrupted purity. "In the present century the same flight is achieved through nostalgia, rage, or some such ruling passion from which the idea of the present, the opposing idea, has been excluded." The Territory, in short, has now become "a nostalgic myth" that "cripples the imagination."

I DON'T THINK that Mr. Morris's attempts to demonstrate this rather vague proposition are very successful; most of what he has to say about Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Thomas Wolfe is even more confused and incoherent than his chapters on Melville, Thoreau, and Whitman, and in the end his book seems less a contribution to criticism than a symptom of his own inability to cope with this "vast brooding continent." In his novels, e.g., *My Uncle Dudley, The Field of Vision,* Mr. Morris has shown himself capable of dealing with contemporary life more sensitively and intimately than many

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of his contemporaries, but his ineptitude as an analyst of American culture provides yet another melancholy example of the disastrous split between the American intellect and the American imagination.

The fact is that while romance is almost universally believed to be inferior to realism in the novel, it has remained stubbornly present in the works of most of the universally admired American writers—Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain, Hemingway, Faulkner. Roughly speaking, there have been two ways of handling this curious situation. The first had its most influential—if not its most sophisticated—representative in Vernon L. Parrington, the author of *Main Currents in American Thought,* who considered the addiction to romance conclusive evidence of American immaturity. If Hawthorne and Melville were great novelists, it was in spite of their unfortunate lapses from realism. The other approach was more subtle, but at bottom it was no less doctrinaire. Acting, apparently, on a hint dropped by Edmund Wilson in *Axel's Castle* to the effect that there were affinities between nineteenth-century American literature and the French symbolist movement, many critics began finding the source of Hawthorne's or Melville's greatness precisely in their repudiation of realism in favor of romance. From this point of view, the American penchant for allegory and melodrama, far from being a sign of immaturity or crudity, was the honorable scar of a pioneer foray into new territories of the imagination that would ultimately be conquered by the major symbolist writers of the twentieth century—Yeats, Eliot, Joyce, Proust.

In large measure, Mr. Morris's confusion derives from a failure to come to terms with these two contrary interpretations of the American literary tradition. His failure is not at all uncommon. So far as I know, Richard Chase's recent *The American Novel and Its Tradition* is the only critical study to have approached the American novel comprehensively and systematically without falling into either of the two traps or without attempting an impossible compromise. It is the persistent need of American writers to incorporate an element of romance into their novels that forms the very starting point of Chase's inquiry. He neither deplores nor celebrates this need, but is simply concerned to ask why it exists and what purposes it serves.

Discussing the differences between American and English fiction, he remarks that the English novel "gives the impression of absorbing all extremes, all maladjustments and contradictions into a normative view of life" that "is notable for its great practical sanity . . . and equability of judgment," and he brilliantly associates this quality with the "tendency of Christian art and tragic art, which characteristically move through contradictions to forms of harmony, reconciliation, catharsis, and transfiguration." By contrast, he says, the American imagination, deeply influenced by a Puritan religious tradition that was "less interested in redemption than in the melodrama of the eternal struggle of good and evil, less interested in incarnation and reconciliation than in alienation," has been stirred by the "aesthetic possibilities of . . . contradiction and disorder."

Much of what seems to be troubling Mr. Morris about the American novel can be related to the fact that the American mind has operated most fruitfully when it has resisted the temptation to look for ways of resolving the contradictions of life and society. Because of the unique circumstances of their history, Americans have been keenly alive to the idea that the universe is irrational and disordered, and that human existence is a dark, violent struggle with uncontrollable forces. There was the influence of New England Puritanism, the experience of isolation on a vast continent, and the memory of the frontier to account for this. But there was also the vivid discrepancy between the myth of America and the fact of America. The myth of America spoke of a New World based on reason, justice, and brotherhood, which held out glorious possibilities of human betterment. Though many American writers were committed to this belief, it never jibed with their feeling that living in America involved an awful spiritual travail, that the American was a cast-off creature, isolated and alone, torn between impulses to conservatism and anarchy, sociability and violence, reasonableness and insane obsession. Romance became a means by which the best American writers conveyed their special way of looking at the world; it provided them with an opportunity for exploring the underside of consciousness and those extremities of human behavior that tend to get lost in English fiction.

To the most intelligent and the most serious American writers, reality has seemed terrible and frightening; they have found no escape from its terrors except to stare them full in the face; and even when they dream of escape (as in pastoral idyls like *Huckleberry Finn* or Cooper's *The Prairie* or Hemingway's "The Big Two-Hearted River" or Faulkner's "The Bear"), they are aware that a journey to the "Territory" can only be a short vacation from the torment of being human in a hard, harsh world. What, one may ask, has become

of the American everyone knows—the blithe, prosperous, optimistic, gregarious soul full of innocent beliefs in progress and human perfectibility? On the evidence of American literature, it is *he* who is guilty of a "flight" from the truth of American experience: his surface amiability has been purchased at the expense of reality, and that is why the novels which speak to and for him are dull, tame, and essentially false.

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A Season Of Gallant Gestures

ALFRED KAZIN

THE RAINBOW COMES AND GOES, by Lady Diana Cooper. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.*

There really was a lost generation. Probably no one who grew up after the First World War and so was prepared for the Second really knows what the shock of 1914-1918 was like to those who grew up in the long Victorian afternoon. But it was shock that gave the lasting emotion to Robert Graves's *Goodbye to All That* and Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer;* in these books, as in Hemingway's first stories, one can still feel, under the bantering playboy manner of the 1920's, the immitigable horror with which so many young men watched each other being thrown into fire.

Perhaps British memoirs of this period are the most affecting, for nowhere was the contrast between nineteenth-century innocence and twentieth-century experience so vivid as in upper-class England. One has only to think of Britain's dominating position at the beginning of the century and the look of external innocence which many young Englishmen wear—"not Angles but angels" Gregory the Great saluted the blond and blue-eyed English captives in Rome—to realize that the early romantic magnification of the war itself, by the generation of Rupert Brooke, created the everlasting irony of aristocratic and golden English lads reciting bucolic verse as they marched off to drown in the mud of Passchendaele and the Somme.

IT IS THIS IRONY, the disproportion between two worlds that 1914-1918 separated forever, that gives particular vividness to this memoir by Lady Diana Cooper. Long before she was chosen for *her* golden and aristocratic good looks to appear as the lead in Max Reinhardt's *The Miracle,* she had been famous in prewar Britain as the leading lady of the "coterie"—sometimes openly called the "corrupt coterie"—a group of British aristocrats and intellectuals who had access to high places and an ability to influence decisions without ever being vulgarly identified with politics. In a sense Churchill and even Beaverbrook, though they were both in politics up to their necks, were the spiritual uncles of this group; their own independence and brilliance were symbolic of the wayward individual freedom that the members of the group admired above everything else. It is typical of Lady Diana's own aristocratic ease and carelessness that she is able in this book to describe many crucial episodes in British upper-class life without thinking it necessary to give the

family names of her friends, much less their public positions; those who are in the know will know; those who aren't would never appreciate the significance of these episodes anyway! On the other hand, it is exactly this fluent aristocratic habit of self-reference, her saturation in a world which she describes always from the inside, almost with a sleepwalker's sublime indifference to anything but her own thoughts, that makes the book authentic and vivid. Lady Diana is an eccentric but brilliant memoirist, in the tradition that has given us, from aristocratic ladies, so many unforgettable volumes of correspondence and autobiography. She may not bother to explain or to identify, but because she writes as though she herself is still hypnotized by the world in which she grew up, she makes us see the color and hear the tone of this world with a concreteness that a more objective historian could never provide.

Lady Diana Cooper is, of course, the widow of Alfred Duff Cooper, the courageous statesman who resigned from Chamberlain's cabinet in protest at Munich, and who under Churchill and Eden was to occupy so many posts until he became British ambassador in France during the first difficult years after the war. But as Lady Diana Manners, the youngest daughter of the eighth Duke of Rutland, she was already allied by birth to the great aristocratic tradition of British conservatism which Duff Cooper, in his modest way, embodied more than have most British politicians in our time. Lady Diana's descriptions of the family castle, Belvoir, and of the great eighteenth-century house in Arlington Street in London are wonderful documents of a style of life that has probably not been seen in England for two generations. She describes her grandfather going out for a ride with his private chaplain (a "hunting parson") beside him, while "a smart old groom, liveried in blue and buttoned in silver, top-hatted and cockaded, jogged behind." Since the estate was eight miles from town and there were scarcely any neighbors, the children themselves would be driven round and round the estate, "with an immense apoplectic coachman on the box and an alert footman in a fawn boxcloth liveried coat, check-lined and almost to the ground, who sprang up and down to open the too many gates." There were old men in the castle who did nothing but ring gongs to announce luncheon, dressing time, and dinner. Gas was considered vulgar, so there were lamp-and-candle men, who "polished and scraped the wax off the candelabra, cut wicks, poured paraffin oil and unblackened glass chimneys all day long." Flags flew from the castle walls—"slim flags for wind, little ones for rain, huge ones for sunshine, hunting flags, and many others." There were water men, enormous men who "moved on a perpetual round. Above the ground floor there was not a drop of hot water and not one bath, so their job was to keep all jugs, cans and kettles full in the bedrooms, and morning or evening to bring the hot water for the hip baths."

Lady Diana grew up under the compulsively "aesthetic" régime that was standard in the 1890's. She says that her spelling is "atrocious and so

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phonetic that I write bs for ms when I have a cold," and apparently her mother, a well-known painter of the period, never bothered to have her taught division. But the piano was practiced, drawing and clay modeling were encouraged as a game, and many things were avoided as "common"—"even tomatoes and lemon as flavouring, and dyed fur, holding hands . . . or kissing with one's mouth instead of cheek to cheek like a symbolic accolade." Nature, as Lady Diana tells us almost needlessly, her mother loved far less than art—"carved alleys, statues in groves, stone seats everywhere, never moors or wild hills; rather symmetrical cypresses, classical lore, nothing windswept or primaeval." The schoolroom walls were papered in William Morris's olive leaves, "half-covered with photographs framed in arty green wood of Italian masters"—other than Raphael. Hair had to look "Greek," costumes had to flow. It was as a consequence of this period that even young men like Duff Cooper at the Foreign Office naturally wrote letters in verse; Lady Diana recites fondly that when they all went to their adored Venice, the aesthetic capital of the period, Duff and another young man, both in evening clothes, dove into a canal and raced each other across it as a gallant gesture.

All gestures were gallant in that day, when the Imperial Russian Ballet came to London and Chaliapin, on a photograph of himself as Boris Godunov, paid homage to *"chère et adorable Mademoiselle Diana Manners."* It was, as she says, an "iridescent season of music, dance, pageantry and fluttering flirtations," but when the war began and she went into the London hospitals as a volunteer nurse, she discovered in the charity wards that an indigent woman could be left anesthetized for half an hour before the surgeon would bother to come in from his tea. Yet even as the general massacre went on and Cooper left his post in the Foreign Office to go to France with the Grenadier Guards, it was still possible for him, with the literary exaltation of their generation, to describe one stirring moonlight night in the trenches as "what the old poets said war was, and what the new poets say it isn't." The last section of the book reprints the remarkable wartime correspondence between Lady Diana and her future husband. Duff Cooper himself was to prove an extraordinarily able writer, and the counterpoint of her letters from the London hospitals and his from the trenches provides the romantic dialogue of their generation in miniature. Friend after friend died in the war; the letters, though cheerful and gallant, are a steady catalogue of death. No wonder that as the war mounted in horror she wrote him:

"In the middle of all this I . . . ran wildly from the house, leapt into a taxi in Victoria Street and crossed Westminster Bridge. It looked so wonderful in the pale dead crepuscule light, and that half-finished building that we love brought my desire for you back till I stretched my arms out to it. It looked tonight so like our generation—great straight aspiring pillars cut off at the same time before they bore the weight they were built for—too lovely an edifice to be half built, but so beautiful in its abrupt cessation. There are two half finished columns. They looked like you and me. This is written against time."

Keeping Life At Arm's Length

PERRY MILLER

The Autobiography of Mark Van Doren. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.75.*

I am sure that of no other academic figure in the last four decades can it be said without mawkishness as it can of Mark Van Doren that he is universally beloved. Yet he is anything but a Mr. Chips, if only because some curious quality of aloofness enables him to keep life and emotion at arm's length. This propensity controls his *Autobiography*. Despite its patent frankness, its openness, its utter lack of affectation, it nevertheless reviews a career that has been enacted at the center of the intellectual turmoil of our age with so imperturbable a geniality as to become at times downright exasperating. For a while in the 1920's, though he loved America, he felt "menaced" by its civilization, but he no longer has anxieties. He ends on the note that tinkles happily throughout the book: "The world, I am certain, is a terrible place, but I am just as certain that I love it."

Part of the code for which Mark Van Doren has resolutely though never histrionically stood is the ideal of the small classroom where instruction can be "personal and patient and alive." He adds that under these conditions he could treat students as persons, yet he never encouraged intimacy outside. "I have no illusion that students and teachers can be friends in the fullest sense, since there is by statute an inequality in their positions." And he moralizes, "Aristotle is right about that as he is about most things."

I was not a student of Mark Van Doren's, but I know hundreds who were, and a fair number of these I can imagine will be jolted by this sentence. They seem still to suffer under the illusion. Perhaps it is an artful device in Van Doren's seeming unartfulness to smuggle in the phrase "in the fullest sense." By contrast he makes meaningful the history of his profound partnership with Joseph Wood Krutch and the depth of his communion with his elder brother, Carl.

Probably, however, what is most revealing in Van Doren's somewhat baffling observation is the claim that Aristotle is correct about almost everything. He fell heir to John Erskine's reforms at Columbia and is proud to contend that the General Honors course there is the ancestor of the multitudinous Great Books programs that many colleges have later created. As he describes the

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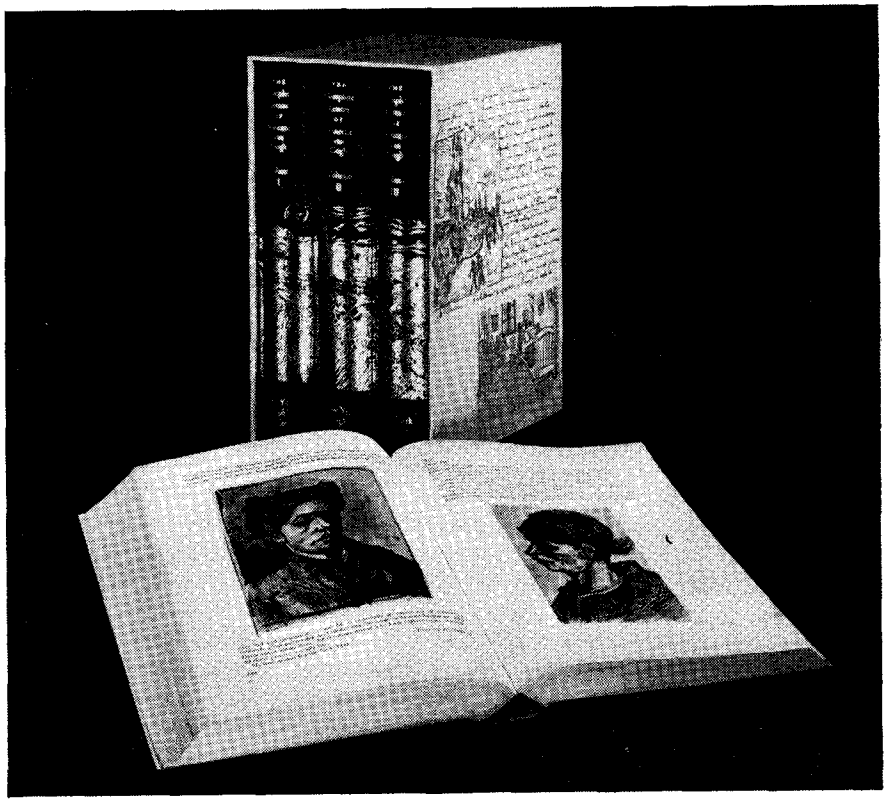
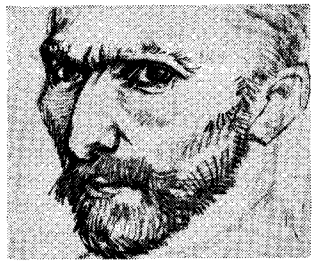
development of his own teaching, it becomes more and more a living with masterpieces: "There was no literary history in the course." Hence he was drawn by natural affinity to Mortimer Adler and Scott Buchanan, and was happy to bless by his active participation the revolution at St. John's. Eventually he grew weary of "criticism," ceased to consider himself a member of the literary profession, and sought the company "of those nameless strangers with whom writers dream that they communicate."

As Mark Van Doren tells it, the progression is utterly beguiling. Yet as he says of the experiments performed at the University of Chicago, Adler and Buchanan became famous "—some said infamous—" for their part in them. As one who adheres to the judgment of infamy and who fails to share his reverence for St. John's, I am obliged to ask if there be some hidden connection between the unfailing benignity of this book and the flight from history and "criticism." It happens that Van Doren was well drilled in the conventional scholarship and so could afford to dispense with it; his students knew that the erudition was in the background. When, however, his method is carried down through lesser teachers, wantonly bereft of all sense of time and place, to students who thus remain invincibly innocent of any sort of comprehension but a bare text, the results cause some of us to wonder whether Van Doren's charming example has proved quite as salubrious as he supposes.

STILL, nobody can really quarrel with a book as graceful as this. Van Doren discovers at one point "how dearly I love to be praised," and his self-revelation invites enough to glut him. Yet he is a man who also can recall without rancor the opinion of Allen Tate about a volume of his poems: that such records of personal experience had gone out of date along with limpidity and ease of expression. To this, Van Doren's reaction is to surrender all concern with fashion and "to continue with the record of my thoughts and feelings." This his *Autobiography,* into which many of the more delightful of these unfashionable poems are incorporated, superbly is.

The complete letters of
VINCENT VAN GOGH





I know scarcely a single figure since St. Francis whose life lays such hold on the imagination. If he lived tragically he also lived to a purpose. The moral is incomplete perhaps; but it lies open on every page of the letters.
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JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE ADMEN, by Shepherd Mead. *Simon and Schuster. $4.*

THE DETROITERS, by Harold Livingston. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.*

THE INSOLENT CHARIOTS, by John Keats. *Lippincott. $3.95.*

"IT FLOATS": THE STORY OF PROCTER & GAMBLE, by Alfred Lief. *Rinehart. $5.95.*

Recession or no recession, the autumn has brought a large output of books celebrating various aspects of the free-enterprise system. Unfortunately, though anyone familiar with this branch of American literature will find it hard to imagine, the quality of the crop may be off. Two of the books in the present sample are probably as bad as any that have appeared, even in this branch of literature, in some years. The two others leave something to be desired.

Inevitably, or so it would now seem, two of the books—the two novels in the list—are about the advertising business. Both *The Admen* and *The Detroiters* are concerned with the omnipresent agency problem, which is not so much how to sell a product as how to sell a client. In Mr. Mead's book a big account is being pursued. Mr. Livingston tells of a medium-sized Detroit agency whose single big automobile account has just become unhinged. The tension in both novels is meant to be acute.

OF THESE two books by far the better is Mr. Mead's. He knows a great deal about the advertising business, and he has a keen ear and a deft professional pen. He deals lovingly with the fantastic but quite credible bureaucracy of the appliance company whose electric-razor account is being sought. He is equally good on the verbose idiot who heads the copy department of the agency. "I thought we'd have a sort of dual session—a hard zero-ing in on this concept of yours, and also a blue-sky expedition just to make sure we haven't overlooked anything." His descriptions of the meetings in the agency and with the prospective client are quite memorable.

Unfortunately, Mr. Mead has some ambitions as a statesman. He wants to show that advertising men and women are sincere—that they take themselves and their work seriously, sleep mostly in their own beds, and try to stay off the sauce. They are not even old Madison Avenue types. Most of his people came only a few years ago from St. Louis. But when advertising men become solid, committed, and diligent men of enterprise, as doubtless most are, they cease to be good copy. The hero of Mr. Mead's novel is an ambitious and self-reliant titan around whom the agency revolves. But he is also tedious, inarticulate, and not very bright. His devotion to his job causes him to neglect his lovely young wife, and it is hard to see why she should have found this much of a misfortune.

ONE CAN BE more unqualified about Mr. Livingston's book on the Detroit end of the business. It is without redeeming qualities of any kind. The Coronado Motors Corporation, maker of the fourth-selling car in the field (and guided, one would gather, by some of the lamest industrial brains in all the land), has a rather shaky attachment to its advertising agency, which has made the company what it is today. But at the beginning of the novel, the hero, one David Manning, is assuming charge of the account, and he has a lot to offer. More specifically, he is a self-styled cynic who drinks a great deal, talks in the swaggering phrases of a reform-school baccalaureate, favors women with the sex mores of a moderately perverted rabbit, and in other respects has all the grace, elegance, and intelligence of a village lout. However, the author is deeply impressed by his hero and by his talent. Toward the end

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of the novel, when the hero finds himself out on his ear—it is presented as an accident but one imagines that the advertising business also has its limits—he is courageous and unbowed and determined to ascend to new heights. He will get a friend to join him. Together they will build a new agency. "A creative agency. An advertising agency, not a convalescent home for no-talent slobs." My thought is that he shouldn't hire himself or anyone else connected with the novel, including the author.

JOHN KEATS is a prolific social critic and a very useful one. Earlier this year he published *Schools Without Scholars,* a disturbed look at the suppression of learning in the schools and the elevation of classes in homemaking, lovemaking, and care of the feet. A couple of years ago, in *The Crack in the Picture Window,* he dealt with the hideous cheapness, monotony, and general nastiness of the low-cost (and sometimes not so low) postwar suburban developments. In *The Insolent Chariots* Mr. Keats has turned on the modern automobile. He does not like it at all and even less the way it is sold, and Robert Osborn helps drive home the point with some of his best cartoons. (Anyone who has thought the flaring rear of a modern vehicle a trifle obscene should see what Mr. Osborn can do to it.) Mr. Keats tells with particular effect of the pressures which have reduced automobile agencies in many cities to something only slightly more than carnival concessions. His material on these practices is from the hearings of a Senate subcommittee, where it had previously been buried.

However, Mr. Keats's attack is not above criticism. For one thing, it is probably a bit too long. Even the sins of the automobile companies are difficult to sustain through a full-length volume. Perhaps also he might have given the companies a little more credit than he does for their achievements. They have at least, as one hears, provided a lot of re-reliable transportation. Finally, there is the question of blame. Keats levels the finger squarely at the Big Three in Detroit. This has merit, especially in a day and age when it is considered unfair ever to pin the responsibility for anything on anybody, including Dulles. But there are times when one's mind wanders from the strictures on Detroit designers to the people who buy an auto in which they cannot sit up straight but which accommodates a four-foot fanny. However, Mr. Keats can claim, in reply, that he is providing the public with some of the critical attitudes as well as some of the backbone it needs.

ON PAGE 243 of *"It Floats,"* a history of Procter & Gamble, the arrival of a new figure in the upper reaches of the soap empire is heralded in this moving sentence:

"McElroy, appointed assistant to President Deupree in February, 1946, found the paneled executive suites in the top of the Gwynne Building a calm center of centrifugal forces."

Three pages later, the centrifugal forces having meanwhile swirled on, came the next step up the ladder:

"'A youthful viewpoint is essential,' Deupree remarked, with nostalgic recollection of the confidence he felt after the Wall Street crash, when his elders were steeped in gloom. Making way for Neil Hosler McElroy, he turned the reins over and assumed chairmanship of the board.

"The new president, embodiment in spirit and vigor of the corporate entity that was P & G, eyed the synthetic detergent competition."

From these passages it will be evident that this epic serves two purposes. First it provides a highly reassuring account of the industrial dynamism of our Secretary of Defense. He is a youth who will be served. As he sits in his paneled office in the Pentagon, a calm center of some markedly centrifugal forces, we can assume that he is eying the missiles program with the same embodiment of spirit and vigor that he once used on Cheer and Tide.

The other advantage of this book is purely literary. It was the conviction of the author that the history of P & G could be written in the same heroic prose in which Macaulay celebrated the history of England and Churchill the campaigns of Marlborough. The author proves, conclusively, that the style is not as suitable for soap and synthetic detergents.

These two contributions apart, the book has no merit.

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The Fantasy World Of Realpolitik

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THE ZIMMERMANN TELEGRAM, by Barbara W. Tuchman. *Viking. $3.95.*

So much has been written and rewritten about the First World War that it would seem almost impossible to add anything further worth telling. Yet here, more than four decades after the fact, comes the first detailed account of one of that war's most fantastic episodes. It was the plot hatched by the masters of imperial Germany in the winter of 1916-1917, while the United States was still bitterly divided over the issue of the war in Europe, to enlist both Mexico and Japan against us. As a reward for attacking its northern neighbor if and when America declared war against Germany, Mexico was to recover, by the grace of Kaiser William, its lost territories of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. This preposterous suggestion, made in the form of a secret telegram from Foreign Secretary Arthur Zimmermann on January 16, 1917, for transmission to the Mexican government, represented the ultimate in imperial German *Realpolitik*—and, like most of the Kaiser's *Realpolitik,* it blew up in his face.

The general circumstances of the Zimmermann telegram have long been known, but Mrs. Tuchman provides a wealth of details about the intrigue and cloak-and-dagger work that surrounded it. Having been allowed to peer into at least some of the recesses of the British Admiralty's mysterious "Room 40," she is able to recount in full how British naval intelligence intercepted and decoded the incriminating message and later passed it to American authorities in one of the greatest cryptanalytic coups of any war. Its effect upon those authorities—particularly upon President Wilson, after Germany had announced to the world that it was about to begin unrestricted U-boat warfare—was decisive. And when released to the public, it destroyed practically all remaining neutralist sentiment in the country.

The notion of enlisting the rabble of insurgent generals like Pancho Villa (for Mexico was then in the throes of multiple revolution) as allies of the All-Highest Hohenzollern War Lord in the conquest of Dallas, Santa Fe, and points north seems ludicrous on the face of it. How did the German government ever hit upon such a harebrained scheme?

Back in 1890 the young emperor, rejecting old Chancellor Bismarck's advice as superfluous, evidently concluded that he himself was the wisest of statesmen. Thus began the process of self-delusion that was to lead to disaster. The emperor, who so wanted to shine over Europe, first warned his fellow monarchs against the "Yellow Peril." Next, somewhat more subtly, he encouraged his cousin, Czar "Nicky," to go out and fight the Japanese, trusting that this little adventure would keep Russia off Germany's back. After Russia's defeat by the Japanese in 1905, the Kaiser wavered between declaiming against the Yellow Peril all the more and doting on the Japanese as "the Prussians of the East." At one point he dreamed of an alliance of Germany, the United States, and China against Japan. But the

thought soon crept into the imperial brain that it might be well to curb American ambitions, too—for which purpose he might be able to use the Japanese. And also—next inspiration—the Mexicans. Mexico, with all its revolutionary turmoil, was a considerable nuisance to the United States; so, thought the canny William, make more trouble. The Kaiser had his agents stir up anti-American ac-

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tivity along the Rio Grande, and at the same time passed word to Washington that he had personally discovered that ten thousand Japanese soldiers in disguise were in Mexico poised to swoop down on the Panama Canal. That should keep those Yankees worried.

After the outbreak of war in 1914, Japan disappointed Germany by honoring its alliance with Britain and joining the wrong side. But William continued his efforts to woo Tokyo, and one of his emissaries in the Far East informed Japanese newspapers that Germany, Japan, and Russia would ultimately form an invincible combination that would "dominate the two hemispheres." Although the Japanese were suspicious of their allies, they were also quite suspicious of the All-Highest War Lord. Some of the small-time war lords of Mexico were willing to take any help they could get, and Berlin hopefully primed them with subsidies. The Mexicans simply kept the cash.

"Mexico is a godsend to us," remarked the Kaiser's ambassador at Washington. But, as it turned out, the Germans themselves were the first and only victims of the delusion that a handful of bandits could paralyze the American nation.

When the absurdity of the whole scheme was exposed, Berlin still had one possible avenue of escape open to it: in view of the origin of the interception, it could simply have branded the Zimmermann telegram an Allied fabrication. But Berlin blundered on obstinately. An American correspondent—he happened to be my father—gave Foreign Secretary Zimmermann a golden opportunity by asking, "Of course, Your Excellency will deny this story?" But Zimmermann replied ponderously, "I cannot deny it. It is true."

MRS. TUCHMAN tells all this with a mystery writer's relish and a historian's detachment. She loses some of the latter, however, when she comes to President Wilson, in whom she sees a self-willed, obstinate autocrat second only to Kaiser William in his capacity for self-delusion. It would hardly seem that historical truth is advanced by invidious comparison between a prophet—whether you like him or not—and a fool.

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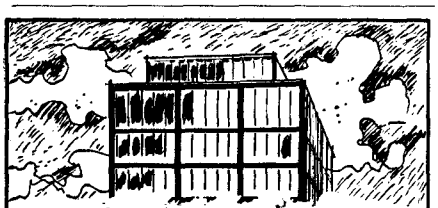

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DANIEL SCHORR

EASTERN EXPOSURE, by Marvin L. Kalb. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.50.*

Former Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen has described the Soviet Union as "not a mystery, but a secret." Its people are not some special, incomprehensible breed, but they are hidden by a veil of secretiveness that reaches from the Kremlin to the lowliest citizen—a secretiveness directed especially against foreigners. The western diplomats, and the dwindling band of western correspondents in Moscow, are painfully aware of their own ignorance about what goes on just beneath the surface.

Few westerners have succeeded in penetrating this veil of secrecy as well as Marvin L. Kalb, a young scholar from Harvard's Russian Research Center, who went to Moscow early in 1956 to work for the Joint Press Reading Service, a translating service operated jointly by the British and United States embassies. Mr. Kalb brought with him a fresh curiosity about the Russian people, a useful knowledge of the language, an exuberant desire for personal contact, and a personable manner that helped to break down bureaucratic stuffiness and disarm misgivings. The result, a diary of thirteen months in the Soviet Union crammed with personal experience, is, in fact, a fragmentary but important record of the Soviet people.

It was an eventful thirteen months, starting shortly before the twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party which proclaimed the de-Stalinization drive and ending shortly after the Hungarian rebellion. Everyone who visits Russia at length tends to put brackets around his stay as marking an era. But if this represents an oversimplification, it was certainly true that there were striking changes that could be roughly related to that period, and Mr. Kalb's personal history adds a new dimension to their interpretation.

There was Volodya, the history student who was deeply troubled by the question of how revolutionary history could be studied without reference to Trotsky. There was the former officer of the Soviet Army who revealed that he hated Communism and wanted to leave Russia. There was the chance meeting in a park with the truck driver's daughter whose romance with a general's son was ended because he could not marry out of his class. There was the old Jew who emerged from a crowd to ask, "How is Harry Truman?" And there was the balky woman elevator operator who refused to be spurred into action, saying, "Don't threaten me; we Russians have a bomb, too!"

AFTER LONG EFFORT, Mr. Kalb got a card permitting him to work in Moscow's great Lenin Library, so that he could pursue a personal research project of his own on the Tsarist educator Uvarov. This enabled him to meet with scholars on their own level, and even attend their meetings. Thus he was present at one of the most revealing incidents of the post-Hungary period—a mass walkout of students from a lecture when a party official could not satisfy their demand for a fuller explanation of the events that had taken place recently in Hungary and Poland.

Not all Russians are so troubled, nor do Mr. Kalb's friendships represent a real cross-section of the Soviet people. But some of the stirrings in post-Stalin Russia do emerge in this journal of a young American in Russia.

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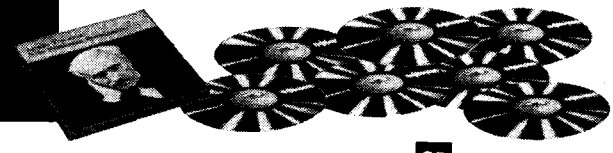

WITH THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
IN AN ALBUM OF SEVEN 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS
(NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICE $34.98)

OR

Wanda Landowska PLAYS ON THE HARPSICHORD BACH'S The Well-Tempered Clavier

"THE MIGHTY FORTY-EIGHT"
IN AN ALBUM OF SIX 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS
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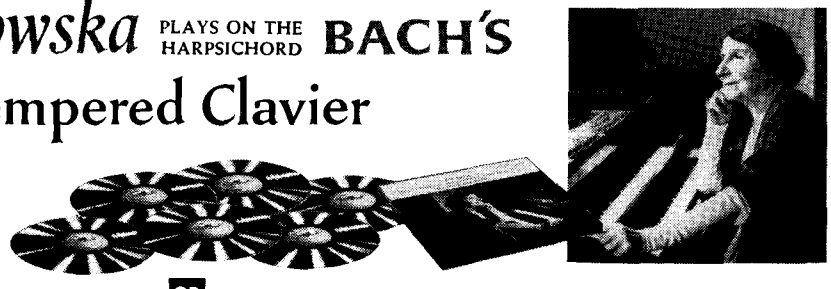

OR

Artur Rubinstein PLAYS CHOPIN

69 Works Complete — Polonaises, Waltzes, Nocturnes, Impromptus, Preludes

IN AN ALBUM OF SIX 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS
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AN INTRODUCTORY OFFER • The common-sense purpose of this Society is to help serious lovers of music build up a fine record library *systematically* instead of haphazardly . . . *and at an immense saving.* Most music-lovers certainly intend to build up for themselves a representative record library of the World's Great Music. Unfortunately, almost always they are haphazard in carrying out this aspiration. Because of *more systematic* collection, operating costs can be greatly reduced. The Introductory Offer above is a dramatic demonstration. It can represent a saving of as much as 40% the first year.

✶ After their sixth purchase, members who continue can build their record libraries at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING.** For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty made available annually by the Society) *members will receive a third* RCA VICTOR *Red Seal Record free.*

A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS TAYLOR,** composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF,** General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN,** author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY,** editor of *High Fidelity;* **AARON COPLAND,** composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,** music editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle;* **DOUGLAS MOORE,** composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN,** composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH,** chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH,** Professor of Music, Harvard University.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

EACH month, three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent to the member. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only $4.98, the nationally advertised price. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music V105-11
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
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Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me immediately the RCA VICTOR album checked below, billing me $3.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy six additional records within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed $4.98, the price nationally advertised (plus a small charge for postage and handling). Thereafter, I need buy only four such records in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society. After my sixth purchase, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record free.

- ☐ **THE NINE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES**
- ☐ **THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER**
- ☐ **RUBINSTEIN PLAYS CHOPIN**

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